The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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GUNNING.

No one who has ever participated in the sports of the field can be indifferent to the fascination of gunning. No one who has ever seen the enthusiasm with which the Sportsman prepares for his enjoyment of his manly exercise and exhilirating pastime, but must feel that there exists in it a something far more exciting and healthful than is enjoyed by the listless lounger at the most fashionable hour in Broadway. He knows not the keen appetite which relishes the coarsest fare;—he feels none of the vigor which early rising and excitement produce, nor does he taste such unbroken slumbers as he, whom a day of exercise invites to a night of repose.

"Let gay ones and great,
"Make the most of their state,
"From pleasure to pleasure they run,
"Well,—who cares a jot,
"I envy them not,
"While I have my Dog and my Gun!

"For pleasure and air,
"To the fields we repair:
"With spirits unclouded and light:
"While the blisses we find,
"No sting leave behind,
"But health and diversion unite."

As the Gunning Season is now commencing, we present for the assistance of the young and the approval of the experienced Sportsman, a few rules and observations that may tend much to improve their sport, or make them more fitted for its perfect enjoyment. Woodcock shooting commenced on the first of the present month in the state of New-York, and in "the Jarsies" on the 5th, and we now commence a series of articles on Gunning, by putting together the advice and recommendations of experienced sportsmen for the guidance of the uninitiated,—so that they may shortly become as expert as their elders, and learn how to procure the fullest enjoyment to be had from "a Dog and Gun."

Every thing that accustoms the tyro to the use of the fowling piece, will more or less promote his object, and swallow shooting will no doubt assist; but in preference to destroying these very useful birds, whose appearance associates the beauties of spring and summer to the mind, we should certainly recommend shooting at sparrows and starlings, as they are very mischievous, and their flight, particularly the latter, resembles, in some degree, that of a partridge. But, allowing that practice of this sort will assist, it will not obtain the ultimate object; nor does in fact the secret or skill consist merely in the dexterity of shooting flying—the alarm which is caused by the sudden spring of game, and the noise which ensues, throw the young sportsman so completely off his guard, and create such a trepidation, that some practice is at least indispensable, before these difficulties can be overcome; nor, until the game is approached with the utmost coolness, the sudden spring, &c., regarded with indifference, and the object selected with deliberation, will the sportsman be able to bring down the object with almost unerring certainty. We will suppose a man to be an expert swallow shooter—let him approach a covey of partridges, prepared to fire,—the birds rise suddenly with great noise and confusion, and the swallow shooter will be so completely bewildered, that they are sure to escape; or, if he hit one, it will be merely an accident.

The fall of the bird gives as much pleasure to the dog as to the shooter; and a capital dog, if no game be killed to him, will become careless, and eventually good for nothing. Practice, however, will soon overcome obstacles, and, with an ordinary share of self-command, no person need despair of becoming a tolerable shot. By way of illustration, we will suppose the young shooter in the field, with two dogs; he perceives one drawing on the scent, and sutling to a point—let him call out *toho!* holding up his hand at the same time: the word will induce greater care in the first dog, and if the other should not be aware of the game, he will immediately look about him, and, seeing his master's hand, will keep his position, (no matter what his situation may be, either before or behind the shooter,) or to speak as a sportsman, will back. We will suppose both the dogs perfectly steady,—let the sportsman advance, deliberately, up to the setting dog; and if the game should not spring, let him go before the dog,—if the birds should run instead of taking wing, he will be aware of the circumstance by the dog following; but if the dog follows or *foots* too eagerly, he should be checked by the words *take heed!* These are anxious moments; but the sportsman must, nevertheless, summon all his fortitude, and continue as calm as possible, with his thumb on the cock, and select an individual object,—if the bird flies straight forward, it is a very easy shot; let the sportsman direct his eye down the barrel, and the instant he perceives a bird on a line with the muzzle, let him pull the trigger: in levelling, however, the aim should be rather above than below the object: for the shot, if correctly thrown, will form its centre from the centre of the muzzle of the fowling-piece; nevertheless, in this respect, allowance must be made for the trim of the gun, or for the manner in which it throws the shot, with which I am supposing the sportsman perfectly acquainted. If the bird should fly directly across, or only partially so, and thus describe the segment of a circle, the aim must be directed before the object; if, with a common gun, four inches; with a percussion gun two inches: supposing the distance to be about thirty yards. The average of shots is perhaps from twenty to thirty yards, though forty is within reach, and even fifty, particularly with a percussion gun. When the bird flies in the shooter's face, as it were, or towards him, he should let it pass before he attempts to fire, or he will be almost certain to miss.

Let the sportsman be careful, in loading the piece to keep it at arm's length, and not hang his face over the muzzle. Also, if he uses a double gun, let him examine whether, by any means, the other barrel has become cocked—indeed, whether he has fired or not, he ought to see that the cock or cocks are secure, before he places the fowling piece on his left arm for the purpose of advancing, the fowling piece should be carried with the trigger forward, and as nearly perpendicular as possible. A gun is a dangerous instrument, and therefore care is indispensable.

It may not be amiss to observe, that a sort of unconscious or involuntary motion, or movement of the arms and body, accompanies the level, which should not be checked till after the piece is discharged;—if stopped at the moment of pulling the trigger, the bird most likely will fly away. Also, for a very long shot, the level should be higher than usual, as the shot will not fly any great distance before it begins to come downwards. In levelling, the fowling piece should be held firmly to the shoulder, the left hand placed either close to the trigger guard or a few inches in advance; the former is perhaps safer in case the barrel bursts; but the latter will prevent the gun becoming point heavy. The powder, in a patent breech, if not more than a proper quantity is used, will always be loose, (and thus ignite much better) as the wadding cannot be forced further than the top of the breech, (and the closer the wadding fits the better,) the shot would certainly be well rammed. The fowling-piece, too, will require wiping out once or twice during a hard day's shooting; also, in going out in the morning, it should be aired by firing a little powder; if percussion priming be used, it will be necessary to place wadding over the powder in the barrel, or it will be apt to be driven out unexploded: the force of percussion priming is so great, that it drives the atmospheric air before it with such violence as to expel the powder before the fire reaches it.

It sometimes happens that a sportsman may cock the gun, and, not firing, have occasion to let down the cock;—in doing which, he should let the cock pass, and, bringing it back to the half cock, make it *tell* well into the tumbler.

For partridges, a brace of good dogs is quite sufficient at once, but they should be used to hunt together, and be perfectly acquainted with each other: otherwise they will be jealous and commit many mistakes. To beat a country, in a sportsmanlike manner, a person should not go straight through it, but form circles, as it were, traversing well the ground, and taking care to give the dogs the wind as much as possible; at the same time, the sportsman should not be afraid of beating the ground over twice where there is any reason to believe there is game. He who patiently beats and ranges his ground over and over again, will generally kill the largest quantity of game, and will be sure to find it where it has been left by others. Birds will often lie so close as to suffer themselves almost to be trod upon before they will attempt to rise.

It will be proper to observe, that the shooter should never strike either bush or indeed any thing, with his fowling piece. Should he use the butt end for this purpose, it is possible the cock may be caught by some branch, and thus cause the piece to be fatally discharged; on the contrary, should a bush, &c. be struck with the muzzle end, the sportsman will be very liable to lose his shot. It is an advisable practice to examine occasionally, in shooting in general, whether by any means the shot has moved.

If the sportsman use a double gun, and has discharged one of the barrels, he should, after ramming the wadding on the powder in reloading, put the ramrod down the barrel that has not been discharged, which will be less trouble than placing it under his arm, or otherwise; he then can put in the shot, and on taking the ramrod out of the other barrel, he can instantly ascertain whether the shot has moved. Care must be taken in pouring the charge of shot down the barrel which the sportsman is loading, that none of the pellets escape down the other barrel, as by this means the ramrod will sometimes become wedged very fast, and not moved again perhaps without some trouble.

In discharging one barrel of a double gun, the shot in the other will frequently be loosened, if paper, or any such pliable wadding, be used; but with punched card, this will seldom, if ever, happen; though it is highly advisable to examine, nevertheless, in order to avoid every possible danger.

As to the color of the shooter's dress, green is supposed to be the best in the early part of the season, and when winter approaches, a kind of light brown, resembling the stubble: this last color will be found to answer throughout the year; and, indeed, it is highly preferable in hot weather, as it is much cooler; or, in other words, it does not possess so much attraction for the rays of the sun

Woodcock shooting is very laborious, and requires both judgement and experience. As the season is very hot, it becomes highly necessary to be clothed accordingly. The lighter the dress the better, taking care, at the same time, to let the garments next the skin chiefly consist of flannel. A flannel shirt and drawers are the best that can be used for this purpose, and ought in fact to be considered as indispensably necessary. Flannel, though so capable of administering warmth, is, notwithstanding, a bad conductor of heat; and therefore, if the sportsman habituates himself to wear it, he will experience but little increase of heat in summer on the account; at the same time, it must be allowed, that nothing will so effectually absorb the moisture which arises from excessive perspiration, and, consequently, there can be no better preventive against taking cold. In hot weather, to walk till violent perspiration ensues, and then to become stationary for a little time, (which will undoubtedly sometimes be the case in shooting,) is almost a sure method of taking a violent cold, if a linen shirt is worn next the skin; to say nothing of the disagreeable sensation it excites by sticking to one's back. Short boots that face close, but which are easy to the legs and feet, are to be recommended. It will be advisable also to rub some tallow on your heels, the bottoms of your feet, and the joints of your toes, before you go out in the morning, which will not only cause you to walk easy, but prevent that soreness otherwise consequent to a hard day's shooting. It need scarcely be mentioned that the liquor flask is a very necessary appendage, to the bottom of which should be attached a tin cup, which will enable the sportsman to allay his thirst by mixing water with his brandy: rinsing the mouth will, perhaps, be found occasionally to answer the desired purpose: but on no account should cold water be drank alone; the fatal consequences of which, when a person is in a violent perspiration, are well known.

New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

THE REFORM BILL.

When the Reform Bill was under discussion in England, it occasioned as is well known, a great deal of excitement, and was the chief subject of conversation in all circles. The notions conceived of it by some of the lower ranks of the London population, were sufficiently ludicrous and their mistakes in talking about it, gave rise to a number of laughable anecdotes—The following is one of the best we have heard—A servant in one of the great houses neglected her duties for weeks to look out of the window, till her mistress was obliged to remonstrate—"If you please ma'am, said the girl, it's to see the Reform Bill; I heard as how it was going to pass, and I thought it might pass this way."

COPLEY THE PAINTER.

Our readers are no doubt aware that the father of Lord Lyndhurst, the predecessor of Brougham in the Chancellors list of Great Britain, was an American named Copley, and an artist by profession. It is a remarkable circumstance that almost at the same hour, America produced, amid her deserts and trading villages, two distinguished painters, West and Copley, who, unknown to each other, were schooling themselves in the rudiments of their art, attempting portraits of their friends one day, and historical composition on the next; studying nature from the naked Apollos of the wilderness, as somebody called the indians: and making experiments on all manner of colors, primitive and compound; in short, groping through inspiration the right way to eminence and fame. A curious anecdote is related of Copley's first introduction to notice in England.

"A painting of a "Boy and a tame Squirrel,' came without any letter or artist's name, to one of the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy; and when its natural action and the deep vivid colouring made the Academicians anxious to give it a good place, they were at a loss what to say about it in the catalogue, but, from the frame on which it was stretched being American pine, they called the work American. The surmise was just; it was a portrait by Copley of his half brother, Harry Pelham, and of such excellence as naturally raised high expectations."

The following story, will serve to illustrate the capricious ignorance to which portrait painters are often subjected;

"A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece; 'It wants but one thing,' said he, 'and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second.' 'But,' said the artist, 'she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel.' 'Oh, no! not at all,' answered the other; 'she must come in as a woman—no angels for me.' The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back—when he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. 'I must have another cast of your hand, Copley,' he said—'an accident befell my second wife: this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture.' The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses; not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

To the Editors of the Traveller;

GENTLEMEN.—The following anecdote of a dog was told me by an old friend whose word is to be a sufficient warrant for its truth; should you think it worth a place in your paper, it would gratify me to have it inserted. I was much pleased with the stories headed Animal Biography in your paper last week, and hope to see more of the same kind.

Yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Two near neighbors in the country, a Farmer and a Tanner entertained a great friendship for each other. The Tanner had a large yard dog, which for some unknown cause, conceived such an inveterate hatred to the farmer, that he could not go with safety to visit his friend when the dog was loose, and on this account the tanner loaded the animal with a heavy clog, that he might not be able to fly at the farmer.

As the farmer and one of his ploughmen were going about the grounds together one day, they perceived the dog, apparently in great distress and pain, lying near a fence, as they approached they found that in attempting to jump the fence, he had left his clog on the other side, the weight of which had almost strangled him. The ploughman knowing the enmity which the dog bore to his employer proposed to knock him on the head; but the farmer was unwilling to kill a creature which he knew was useful and valuable to his friend, and instead of hurting him, he disengaged the poor beast, laid him down upon the grass, watched him till he saw him nearly recovered, and then pursued his walk. When he returned to the spot, he saw the dog still there, quite recovered, and as usual expected an attack, but to his great astonishment the creature fawned upon him and expressed his gratitude in the most lively manner, and from that time to the day of his death attended the farmer, and could never be prevailed upon to return to his former master.

LACONIC CORRESPONENCE.

A gentleman desirous of placing his son with an attorney wrote him the following letter, which being a curiosity and authentic, may be entertaining to our readers—

Sir—Are you married? Have you a family? Do you entertain two clerks at one time? Do you provide them with all conveniences? Your answer will oblige Yours &c. A. B.

To this he received the following answer—

Sir—Yours received—married, thank God—Branches of both sexes—Junior in before Senior departed—Every thing substantial—Table adorned, but no nick-nacks—Yours &c. C. D.

"In a coach I was sea sick" says Paddy
Pert cockney replies with a check
Arrah Pat go tell that to your daddy
Says Pat sure the coach was on deck.

For the Traveller and Times.

A TOPER'S DULL.

The late Duke of Richmond was notoriously the greatest toper of his time; and plumed himself very much on being able to drink down any man in England. On being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought another, and a still greater triumph awaited him: for the Bacchanals of the western isle were justly celebrated as ranking among the most profound topers of the day.

Burning with the laudable ambition of measuring flagons with so noble a foe, he advanced fearlessly to the combat. The first field was one of inconceivable slaughter—wounded vessels, and vanquished men, lay strewed about in all directions; but still the gallant duke soon discovered that he would have more to do in support of his dignity that night, than was ever required of him on any former occasion. His superiority, however became more and more manifest; for, before midnight, most of his antagonists were upon their backs; and ere the first cock crew, the last, and *longest winded* of all, a stern old champion, who till that hour had never known defeat, was sprawling under the table.

Night followed night, or rather revel succeeded revel in quick succession, (for the field was seldom lost and won before sunrise) and each terminated with precisely the same result. The laurels were torn from the brows of the most inveterate *"break of day boys"* on the island;—the various "clubs' were in the utmost consternation, at the idea of all their hard won honors going to swell the triumphs of the insatiable stranger;—the "longest draws," (as they are technically termed,) were ferretted out from every hook and crook in the country, and sent to join the ranks in Dublin, but, alas! all was vanity! Each in succession was obliged to give way before the superior prowess of the mighty Richmond. Few, it is recorded were able to stand him more than the *fortieth* tumbler and not one as yet had joined him in the *fiftieth*, a number, which he used to say was absolutely necessary to the regulation of his *digestive principles*, and he has often affirmed, that he was totally incapable of feeling, what poets call "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," until after he had conquered his twelfth bottle. At length his fame grew to such a height, that sober-minded men became afraid of touching the hem of his garment, lest they should get drunk by very infection;—for a time, indeed, no man dared to enter the lists as an opponent, and he was usually left to enjoy himself *"alone in his glory,"* or to pine like other invincibles on record, for further conquests; but at length an event occurred which in one night stripped him of all his laurels, and proved what a fallacious thing it isto build our hopes on human greatness.

A young man named Edward Sauren, son of the attorney general, had been for some time acquiring considerable fame in a "Philpot Club," composed of a host of callants of his own age. This came to the ears of the Duke, who, being determined that no man, should abstract even a spoonful, from the ocean of his glory, instantly sent him a challenge, which was as instantly accepted, and a meeting appointed for the following night. The night came, and the rivals took their stations. All present, of course, expected a speedy issue—the "representative of majesty" was sure of it; and looking sneeringly down his veteran red nose, at his smock faced antagonist, he nodded round to his companions, as much as to say, that the victory was hardly worth contending for.

The strife now commenced—bottle followed bottle, quick, thick, and heavy, until a dozen on either side, had already suffered martyrdom. Here the Duke, gave another peep, but lo! young Sauren's eye was placid as ever, and betrayed not the most distant token of inebriation.

"Well" quoth the veteran "he will be an acquisition to our forces after all, in spite of his white nose and baby face, probably he may hold out for the better half of another dozen."

The young candidate for Bacchanalian honors merely smiled in assent.

The better half, soon "went the way of all drink" after the first dozen, but still no change. Six others followed with the same effect—four more—ditto, ditto,—the Duke began to look dismayed—the surrounding topers stared amazement, and a glimmering of hope began to dawn on the hearts of many that the insignia of honor, would be yet plucked from the forehead of the English Invader.

Richmond, now rose to take a pace or two across the apartment, to *draw breath*, a thing that he was never before known to indulge in on a similar occasion: and for the first time in his life he was obliged to have recourse to an oblique step, in order to maintain his equilibrium. Determined, however, to drive matters to extremity, he again sat down, and in a spirit of desperation, emptied *seven* bottles more in defence of his tattering honors. But, alas for Richmond!—his hour was come. Just as the last drop had left the seventh bottle, a heavy sob burst from his deluged heart, as if it had borne his soul along with it, and the next moment the *mighty* duke, *the weighed eighteen stone*, tumbled heels over head on the groaning boards, as senseless, and as burly as a wool sack.

The spectators, now with one accord, advanced to pay homage to their newly installed "Monarch of the vine," (for by tacit agreement, he was chosen successor to his defunct majesty under the table, on the spot,) and he, to show how truly he appreciated their loyalty, stood erect over the vanquished noble, and at one gallant draught emptied another bottle (which, tradition affirms to have been the thirty-sixth he drank that night,) to their further acquaintance. He then, to give the finishing proof of his powers, and to show how truly he was worthy of their choice, absolutely lifted his huge antagonist from the floor!—poised him upon his shoulder!! and without a single waver in his step, carried him up two flight of stairs to his bed.

The fame of Ned Sauren's splendid victory, soon spread from "India to the pole," and though, in defence of his dignity he has been obliged to accept innumerable challenges from the topers of various parts of the world, he still stands proudly eminent; and as a token of the admiration of the "Philpot society," ever since the memorable night of the *three dozen* he has been distinguished by the enviable and glorious appellation of the "SAND BANK."

THE FALLS.

BY T. HOOD.

Who does not know that dreadful gulf where Niagara falls;
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope;
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;
While, hung with clouds of fear and doubt, the unreturning wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bane or bliss;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!

Oh, Heav'n it turns me now to ice with chill of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:
On, on—still on—direct for doom, the river rushed in force,
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course.

My eyes I closed—I dared not look—the way towards the goal;
But still I view'd the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul;—
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore,
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;—
Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat gathering round.

O agony! O life! My home!—and those that made it a sweet—
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dash'd from ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag;—in speechless pain—from midnight deep to deep;
I did not die—but anguish stunn'd my senses into sleep.

How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to find:
At last the gradual light of life come dawning o'er my mind,
And through my mind there thrill'd a cry—a cry as shrill as birds'
Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words;—
"Its Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown I declare's!
He's been a-walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all down the stairs!"

Filial affection of the Moors.—A Portuguese surgeon was one day accosted by a young Moor, from the country, who addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drauges* to kill his father, and, as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well,) replied with *sang froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?" "Oh nothing can be better," returned the Moor: "he has made much money: has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well and departed. About eight days after he came again to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead?" exclaimed the apothecary, in well feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed, accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day, the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt that he is a Marabout"—(a saint.)

A Deep One.—F—— was originally from Boston, and lived on his return from his voyages, with an old maiden aunt at Salem, whom he was wont to call Aunt Cot Betty, from the circumstance of her always sleeping in a cot bedstead. Aunt Cot Betty requested him on his return from one of his voyages to bring her home a poll parrot. F—— promised faithfully so to do; but like the payment of the tailor's bill it was unheeded. The first words the old lady uttered on his landing, was, "Well, Fergy, Fergy, my dear boy, how do you do, so glad to see you: you've got the parrot Fergy, heh?"—"Oh yes, aunty, elegant one, being him home to-morrow." Early next morning Fergy, ransacked all Salem for a parrot but in vain good fortune however threw in his way an owl, the substitution of that for the parrot was no sooner thought of than agreed upon and purchased, and next day transferred to an elegant tin cage, wherein the midnight philosopher was duly ensconced: Aunt Betty had it hung up in the *stoop*, and with anxious expectation listened for the first attempt of its loquacious powers, but no voice greeted her. When Fergy came home to dinner, aunty began, "Well Fergy boy, it's a very pretty parrot, but dear me! Fergy it won't talk." "Well, aunty, when I bought it, they told me it did'nt *say* much, but it was a capital fellow for *thinking*!"

Catification of Squirrels.—A gentleman from Medway, in this state, has given us the following curious case of domestication. A sportsman in that vicinity not long since took possession of a squirrel's nest, in which he found two of the little animals apparently but a day or two old. He carried them home, and put them under the tuition of Grimalkin, who luckily happened to have a brood of kittens of nearly the same age and size two of which he ruthlessly, and without the least regard to principle, abducted for the purpose of making room for the bush-tailed and long-whiskered interlopers. The cat nursed them all thenceforth with an indiscriminate parental affection: and the squirrels are at this time, being about a month old, as much at home with both the old cat and the rest of the family, as the kittens themselves. The whole troop of the unmannerly little rascals (as our friend says) may be seen racing about the house together in all weathers, heads up and tails flying, for all the world like a smart corps of dragoons.

THE WANDERING PIPER

We copy as a matter of curiosity, the following letter from the vagrant who calls himself the wandering piper, to the Editor of the Boston Traveller; if any thing was wanting to show the propriety of the remarks of the Journal of Commerce which have called forth this long and abusive tirade, the piper has himself furnished it in his letter. He insists upon his claim to the character and treatment of a gentleman: his occupation makes him a vagabond in the eye of the law, and his scurrilous letter shows that he ought to be treated like one.

York, you're wanted.

To the Editor of the Traveller.

Sir.—A paragraph has recently appeared in a scurrilous print called, (the Lord knows for what reason,) "The New York Journal of Commerce," dictating to the independent people of America, the manner in which they are to receive a poor piper who has lately arrived on their shores. I am well aware of the old proverb, and have in most instances strictly attended to its behest—"If you contend with fools or knaves, you bring yourself on a level with them."

I will take the liberty for once, however, to depart from this sage precept, by saying a few words in defence of myself and calling, which the silly Editor of the Journal of Commerce has been labouring to his very utmost strength to impugn. He says—"If this wandering piper is going to *travel thro'* the United States in disguise, as he has begun, *we think it high time* that the American public should be prepared to give him a proper reception." Prodigious! But do you think that the American public will consult this egotistical braggart concerning the choice of their amusements? or will they be restricted from spending their money in any way as best suits them, by a column of preposterous nonsense appearing in a paper whose circulation is well nigh confined to its proprietors and printers? Certainly not. And were this same low scribbler "going to travel" (to use his own language) over all the United States, with his whole stock of learning on his back, (which by the way would be no very heavy burden,) would he meet a dozen of beings, human or inhuman, who would not be ready to excoriate him for his impertinent interference?

"But this gentleman has not given all his receipts to benevolent societies. Who knows that? He may give something to benevolent societies, but who knows that he gives all, or even a tithe of what he collects?" And who cares, or what right has *Mons. York* or any one else to trouble himself about the matter? Does this Editor give a tithe of his gains to charities? or even the hundreth part of a tithe, and why not? the poor have as good a right to his gains as they have to mine. I am under no engagement whatever to give my gains to charitable institutions, as had been erroneously stated in some newspapers, nor will I give one cent to charity, or anything else unless I think proper. That I have travelled over all Britain and Ireland as a piper, is true, and that I intend to do the same thing in America, is also true; but have I not as good a right to appropriate my earnings to my own use as Fanny Kemble, Sinclair Braham, or any other performers that ever appeared in the country? But our oracle of the Journal of Commerce would say—"These people are more respectable." Their characters certainly stand very high, but more respectable may be disputed. What prevents me from engaging a large room, or a Theatre, charge a dollar for my tickets, the same as others, by which means I would pocket ten times as much money as I at present do? Nothing however prevents me, and when I find that it suits myself and those whom I am anxious to please, I will do so without consulting the Editor of the Journal of Commerce, or even his copartner. I did not come to this country pennyless; besides my real name and character are well known to some of the first gentlemen in it. I must therefore say that the success of my enterprise does not depend upon even the most respectable Editors of newspapers, far less upon a set of growling animals (like me of the Journal of Commerce) who are always displeased when they see grist passing their own mill.

That I have some particular end to answer in doing all this, no one need doubt: but it is really something new to have sixty seven lines of the very lowest *Billingsgate* thrown at me for having good-naturedly given £1,100 to charities in Britian and Ireland, and nearly three hundred dollars to similar purposes during my short stay in the United States.

Editors of newspapers are generally a most respectable body, but when I find one degrading himself by dealing out to his readers the low slang used by oyster women and prize fighters, I shall certainly treat him the same as I would any other blackguard. And after all, what is the editor of the Journal of Commerce but a beggar; nay, and one of the very worst stamp. Does he not dun the people daily in the second line of his paper, 'price ten dollars, payable in advance,' &c.! and every one will allow that a man who takes all from the public, either by coaxing or threats, that he possibly can, is by far a greater beggar and a more suspicious character, than a poor fellow who follows a profession and only receives for his labors whatever those whom he pleases may think proper to give him.

The grumbler of the Journal of Commerce boastingly speaks of having already shown hospitality "to thousands and hundreds of thousands" of Britons; if this be true (of which I have my own doubts) he certainly bids fair for a snug berth after he has finished his *last article*; but might he not as well have said twenty millions at once! which would have included the whole British population, from the King down to Darby Graham, the *hen herd* at Gordon Castle. This puts me in mind of the Sunderland Collier, who greeted his companion with—"Dang it Bill, I *need* a huner' thousand cats this morning." "Fod," said the other, "there are not as many cats in the town." "Well, a huner' itself then." "No, nor a hundred."—"Od smash my eyes and limbs into drum-sticks, if I can tell you how many there were: but I'm sure that I *need* father's cat and another one."

I probably am not so old in years or iniquity as the editor of the Journal of Commerce, but my knowledge of the world entitles me to offer him a little wholesome advice. In the first place, let him avoid all Pipers and Fidlers, as he would the great enemy of mankind; they are dangerous cattle. I know one of the fraternity who keeps a *cat*, not of nine tails, but of one. There has been lyelf a dozen Editors in its fond embrace already, and had it not been, that the name of the one in question is already too contemptible to be registered even upon the records of infamy, verily my little *puss* would have paid him a visit before the British legislature passes the act to abolish flogging.

Secondly—In place of interfering with things which do not in the least concern him, I would advise him to go to school during his spare hours, to make amends for his very limited education.—The following beautiful citations from one of his papers will show, that he has been a *mamma's* "dear darling." We are told that "the ship Mersey, from Havre, left that port on the 17th of April with 142 passengers, and arrived in New York on Saturday, with 152. "Were these five passengers who came on board during the voyage, *Mermaids*, who had been obliged to leave their peaceful homes, in consequence of ship anchors "lying against their street doors!" or were they so many inhabitants of the moon who shared the same fate of poor Daniel O'Rooke? Do *Mr. York* inform your readers of this, for they are all in the fidgets to know. We are likewise told that the Mersey had on board a *male Jack Ass*. Oh, how happy the worthy Editor must have been at meeting one of his foreign relations. There are also two very conspicious words in the paragraph which has been the subject of this discourse, viz: "Down East." A few local readers may understand this, and so may the Crows and Magpies, but I fear it is above the comprehension of any other biped, except it might be a *female* Jackass, or some of the passengers who boarded the Mersey during her voyage from Havre to New York But I have not another word to waste with him at present. I shall however receive all his forthcoming productions with the same hearty ha, ha, ha,—that I have his former ones.

I am, Sir, your most obedt. servant,
THE WANDERING PIPER.

COXCOMBS OF THE DAY.

"On the idle part of our Boulevards, in the beautiful walk of the Tuileries garderis, upon the pavement of the Champs Elysees, in the dust of the Bois de Boulogne, in the dress circle at the theatres, in every place, in fine, where there is time to show oneself, you must have remarked a host of spruce, elegant, and perfumed coxcombs, as extraordinary in their manners as in their dress—whose fashions are not of to-day, still less of yesterday, but of to-morrow! These individuals may be compared to the beautiful purses in shop windows—utterly empty—not an idea, not an intellectual farthing to be found.

"The first species among them is the man-monkey, who speaks when you speak, holds his tongue when you are silent, and would, I imagine, cut his throat if he saw you commit so rash an act. He is a mere echo. If you say, 'Peace is an excellent thing, when it does not cost more than war,' he answers, 'cost more than war.'

"Second species—the man-parrot, who every morning collects here and there, or from the mouth of some clever man, a series of thoughts, which he retails, as long as the day lasts, in every house he enters. He is like the organ which, at the corner of every street, repeats Auber's melodies.

"Third species—the man-vulture, who fattens upon you. It matters not with him whether you be a young author, or the possessor of a celebrated name; if in his presence you utter any thing good, it is like taking out your watch before a pick-pocket. You are robbed of your idea, and you may be sure that, before the morrow, every body will know it by heart. If you should afterwards repeat it, you are heard with a smile and considered as the plagiarist. This is pleasant! * * But he will rob you before your face, and you shall not have a word to say.—Fancy yourself in a numerous assembly, seated near him. The conversation runs upon opera-dancing. Each gives his opinion, and you give yours, and say without the least pretension, 'With Taglioni's legs and Noblet's arms an accomplished dancer might be made.' Unfortunately you are hoarse and your words are not heard; but they are not lost to him, for with a voice which drowns every other, he lustily exclaims, 'An accomplished dancer might be made with Taglioni's legs and Noblet's arms.' A murmur of applause follows these words; and you, who alone do not applaud, are set down as a stupid fellow incapable of comprehending the point of what has been uttered. And who knows? —he may be even so obliging as to repeat to you your own idea, in order that you may be better able to understand it. * * *

"We now come to the facetious man; the Voltaire of milliners. We shall call him the man-porcupine—an animal so covered with points that no one can touch him without being pricked. His stupid witticisms are borrowed from the *Anas* of the day, or collected at the pits of the minor theatres. * * *

"The droll-fellow is a variety of this species.—The only difference is in the manner of action. The droll-fellow has many of the minor accomplishments; —can carry a chair with his teeth—hold a heavy weight at arm's length—and walk upon his hands with his feet in the air. He is likewise a *virtuose* in face-making, and can take off admirably *My Lord Pouf*, whom the company never saw. He can use twelve different accents—can bark, mew, imitate a saw, swallow cigar smoke, and play the flagolet with his nostrils.

"All that I have detailed, constitutes the least of his merits. You know that the whale, the crocodile, every animal in short, has a natural enemy in some other animal, which by instinct follows, pursues, attacks, and kills it. Now, to a peaceable man the persecuting animal is the droll-fellow. His whole life is spent in embittering yours. He crushes your finger when he shakes hands with you—trips you up as you pass—conceals the object you are looking for—draws away the chair upon which you are going to sit—strews chopped horse-hair between your sheets, and locks you in when you are in a hurry to go out. Sometimes he sketches your countenance, to which he adds ass's ears, an elephant's trunk, and stag's antlers, and then writes your name under it. He has also a trick of lining the glasses of your spectacles with paper, putting pepper into your snuff, decorating your back with a paper tail, and sticking a pin upright in the seat you commonly use. At the play he blows his nose, during the most pathetic scene. In a crowd he pushes you, then says in an angry tone, 'Pray, Sir, don't push so.' He takes up your arm in the street, induces you to look up, and then leads you against a heap of stones, places you under a rain-spout, or makes you walk in the kennel."

JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

1. A hyperbolical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "By what door does the owner come in?"

2. Being asked what was the best hour for dinner, he replied, "For the rich, when they please; for the poor, when they can."

3. Seeing a wicked boy throwing stones at the gallows, he replied, "well aimed, boy! you will hit the mark at last."

4. He called a bad singer Mr. Cock; being asked the reason, he said, "his notes are the signal for a general rising."

5. When told that his countrymen, the Synopians, had sentenced him to banishment, he replied, "I have condemned them to a worse punishment—to stay at home."

6. Being asked by a student of natural history, what was the worst beast, he replied, "of the wild, the Slanderer; of the tame, the Flatterer."

7. Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive tree, he exclaimed, "O, that all trees would bear such fruit!"

8. One lawyer unjustly charged another with theft: Diogenes being chosen umpire, condemned both, declaring that the accused was a thief, but the accuser had lost nothing."

9. Seeing the son of a courtesan throwing stones at a crowd, he called out, "Take care, boy, lest you hit your father!"

10. Hearing a handsome youth speak foolishly, he exclaimed, "What a shame to see a leaden sword drawn from an ivory scabbard!"

11. Seeing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.

The copper mine recently discovered in Luzerne county Penn. is said to have been opened about 20 yards in length and four feet thick. The matrix is graywacke, and the ore is represented as very rich.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, July 6, 1833.

We shall feel particularly obliged to any of our Philadelphia friends, who can give us any information regarding an agent of ours, very lately in that city, named David P. Jardella, as we have been for a long time without any communication from him. We hope me may hear from him personally, or of him through some of our friends in the course of the week.

Mr. Henry Becker who was lately in Albany whence he sent us the names of several subscribers, is requested to communicate with us before he proceeds further.

FOURTH OF JULY DOINGS.

The glorious Anniversary of the 4th July has past off more brilliantly than has been known for many years. Contrasted with its melancholy predecessor, nothing could be more happy or cheerful. The streets throughout the day exhibited a moving mass of contented and gaily dressed mortals, bent on enjoying the beautiful as well as glorious day.—Soldiers were in abundance, and squibs and crackers out of number. No peace officer could be taunted with not having "smelt powder," for enough was burnt by the boys to give the woodcock another weeks' life while the mills manufacture a fresh supply.

In the evening every place of amusement was thronged with visitors,—patriotic songs and transparencies were given inside and outside of the Theatres. The Gardens were as gay as abundance of fireworks and and pretty faces could make them.

Castle Garden was in a blaze of light, and presented one of the most lovely scenes in the world, blending as it did the artificial with the natural. The view of the *fireworks* in the garden, and the *water works* in the bay—one lighted up by Mr. Marsh and the other by Madame Luna—formed together one of the most picturesque of scenes. And such it is every night when the weather is fine.

Niblo's Garden was also crowded with the combined attractions of art and nature—real beauty and artificial brilliance! Nothing can well exceed the enjoyment of an evening passed in Niblo's little paradise, and that of the 4th July would have been more charming than any of its precursors but for a dreadful accident which happened while the fireworks were being discharged. A large gallery had been erected opposite the building where the exhibition took place, which became so tremendously crowed that the flooring of it broke through, and precipitated those who were on it, to the ground. We most sincerely lament to add that one gentleman had his leg broken, and several ladies were seriously hurt. No blame can attach to Mr. Niblo, who did every thing in his power to alleviate the effects of the accident.

Vauxhall.—Kept up its character for life and gaiety,—there was abundance of excellent Music,—fire works on the most extended scale,—and the best and strictest attention on the part of its proprietor to the comfort of his guests,—the quality of their entertainments,—and the decorum and propriety observed throughout the gardens. This is a charming spot for an evenings recreation, and after passing through one of these sultry days, an hour's stroll in these gardens is most refreshing.

An accident occurred at Hoboken in the course of the day, which most fortunately was unattended with any serious mishaps. On the arrival of the ferry boat, and just as her complement of passengers, to the number of some fifty, had placed their feet upon the moveable bridge, the chain that usually supports it gave way, and set the major part of them scrambling up its slanting side, or floundering in the water at its foot; men, women, and children, were paddling together like bathers at Long Branch. The *salt* sea of course put them all in a pretty *pickle*! A waddle in the water may be beneficial to ducks, but not Russia ducks, and accordingly the gentlemen's whites looked rather oddly tinged with "green and yellow," like Shakspeare's Melancholy. The ladies when rescued from the waves did not seem much like so many Venuses raising from the sea,—for their quondam curls looked distressingly like long twelves at a tallow melters,—and the little urchins dressed out in their holiday gear, looked when emerged like most unclassic resemblances of Achilles dipt by his mother in the river where they always *sticks*. But nothing more serious occurred, than a ducking, and every body knows that a good soaking is one of the regular doings of the 4th of July.

A HOAX.

We perceive that sundry of our contemporaries have been taken in with their eyes wide open, by the following ingenious paragraph, put forth some time ago by the waggish editors of the Standard.

The Evening Post says, it would "be glad to know something more than the initials of the name of the author of some uncommonly spirited lines," which it copies from the London Atheneum. The initials are "J. K. B." Is it possible that the editors of that paper have not heard of Jervis Kepple Batson—the second son of a wealthy Devonshire baronet, and a senior wrangler at Cambridge a few years ago? They must have seen repeated notices of the little volume of his poetry, that was so superbly printed last year, by Henry Miller of Albemarle-street; and if we mistake not they have themselves published extracts from his exquisite poem of the Fall of the Paria.

Since the appearance of this cunningly devised piece of information, the "uncommonly spirited lines" have been copied and recopied in all directions, with the grave assurance that they are the production of Jervis Kepple Batson, senior wrangler, and second son of a wealthy Dorsetshire baronet! Now there *may* be such a baronet as Sir somebody Batson, and he may have a son endowed with the harmonious cognomen of Jervis Kepple: but we take it upon ourselves to say that they must have sharp eyes who can find any such name in the list of wranglers at Cambridge, or Oxford either.—For our own part we freely confess that we have not seen any notices of any little volume of poetry, superbly printed by Henry Miller of Albemarle-street, and entitled the Fall of the Paria, and we should feel much obliged to our friends of the Standard for a sight of their copy. We should be glad too, to know something more of Henry Miller the publisher of the volume in question; a Miller there is in London who sells books, but his name if we recollect right is John and not Henry; and we suspect that Albemarle-street might be searched very thoroughly without affording any such establishment as that of Henry Miller. The hoax is a good one, and it has been very successful.

Pigeon Shooting.—A good supply of Birds has been procured, and many excellent matches will come off on Friday the 12th at the Red House Pleasure Ground, Harlæm Road. One match which will take place on that day, has already excited considerable interest as it is between two of the reputed best shots in New-York.

A Bull. Some few months ago an accident occurred which resulted fatally to a gentleman who occasionally resided in the House where it happened. On calling the next day to know if he had been removed, the Irish boy at the door very naively replied, "oh, sir, he lives here still,—they're just taking the coffin up stairs now."

SKETCHES OF TURKEY.

It affords us great pleasure to be enabled to lay before our readers in anticipation some extracts from a work now in the press, entitled "Sketches of Turkey in 1831." These sketches are the result of a residence of rather more than a year in Constantinople, and we take it upon ourselves to say that the author has done more towards furnishing a correct and impartial view of the Turks, their resources, customs, religion, domestic manners and government, than has been accomplished by all the travellers of the last twenty years. Unlike most of those who have visited Turkey, he has mingled among the Osmanlies without prejudices to overcome, or theories to sustain, his object was simply to discover the truth for which his profession gave him great facilities and having discovered it, he has given it to the world without embelishment or diminution. We do not feel ourselves authorized to give the name of the writer; but we suspect that his readers will have no difficulty in recognizing him as a citizen of New-York, a member of one of the learned professions, distinguished for his scientific attainments, who at the approach of the epidemic last summer, was entrusted by our city government with an important and hazardous mission. His sketches will be published we believe in the course of two or three weeks by Messrs J. & J. Harper, and we anticipate for them a most cordial reception; they are full of information such as is nowhere else to be found, and extremely interesting; and what is of still more importance, contain a picture of the Turks as they really are, striking, correct and ample in its details, and free from the distortions of prejudice, romance, misconception and ignorance.

A GREEK PILOT.

Shortly after firing a gun and hoisting a flag, a small sail-boat was seen making its way out of the harbor towards us. While lying-to for this boat, we had an oportunity of witnessing its manœuvres; and as we had rather elevated ideas of the cleverness of the Greek Islanders in this particular, it was with surprise that we found them to be unseamanlike and lubberly. There were three persons in the boat, and when, after much scolding, and pushing, and rowing, they were fairly alongside, two of them jumped on board, and in tolerable English offered their services as pilots; each produced large tin boxes filled with certificates from various ships in which they had exercised their craft, and it appeared from these documents that they had at different times been on board the ships of every naval power in the world. The eldest was a sallow-faced, beetle browed man, of few words and quiet deportment. His companion was a hale, handsome, black-eyed fellow of about thirty, decorated with a pair of jetty mustachios, which twirled about with infinite complacency while answering the interrogatories of the captain. He was according to his own story, a man of various accomplishments, speaking no less than six languages, that is to say, English, French, Italian, Turkish, Illyric, and Greek. "I speks sis lankishes, and all so good as Ingleesh," was the phrase in which he conveyed this information.

A CONSUL.

At the door, we met with and were formally introduced to the English consul. It has been our lot to meet with queer specimens of mortality in the shape of American consuls in various parts of the world, and more particularly in the Mediterranean, where they have been scattered about by our naval commanders with an unsparing hand. But an English consul, being generally more carefully selected, and always better paid, is a totally different personage. Our surprise, then, may be well imagined when, in the person of the English consul, we were acquainted with a ragged, dirty old man, with a long grizzly beard, and looking not unlike an old clothesman. He was habited in a Greek costume; his feet disdained the vulgar encumbrances of shoes or stockings, and he carried with a very consular air a dozen fowls in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. His name was Il Signor C——, of Venetian descent, and he had been born and brought up on the Island: he spoke Greek, Turkish, and a most appalling jargon which passed for Italian; it need scarcely be added, that of English he was most profoundly ignorant. I inquired of him what were the usual occupations of the inhabitants. "Making wine," was the reply. "But that only occupies two months; what do you do during the remaining ten months of the year?" "Aspettano, signor! they wait, sir!"

A TURKISH BOY.

In one of the wild mountain paths we suddenly fell in with a Turkish youth, about 16 years old, mounted on a spirited Arabian, and pouring forth a song with all the light heartedness of a school-boy. Upon seeing us, his hand was instatly upon his dagger; but after a moment's pause, he approached threw himself from his horse, and addressed us with all the ease and self possession of a well bred man. His face was extremely prepossessing; and altho' his legs were bare, and from exposure tanned yellow, yet the almost feminine delicacy of his complexion and the richness of his dress induced us to suppose he was the son of some man of consideration in the vicinity. His curiosity was much excited when he learned that we were Americans; and his questions evinced more judgment than could have been expected from one of his age. Who was our padir shah? what was our religion? what use did we make of all the opium we carried away from Turkey? and a number of other questions were uttered with the volubility of a Greek, rather than with the stupid apathy which we are accustomed to consider as characteristic of the Turk. We parted with many expressions of good will on our side, which he returned with the most graceful gestures and acknowledgments.

A TURKISH EATING HOUSE.

Upon our return we were induced by curiosity to enter a Turkish eating house. The chief article of food is pilaff, or boiled rice and mutton, which is much finer flavored than any I ever tasted in America. Ascending a high platform, we crossed our legs with becoming gravity, and had the pleasure of seeing our dinner cooked before our eyes. The mutton is cut up into small pieces of the size of a quarter of a dollar. A spit, not much larger than a darning needle, is thrust threw a dozen of these bits; and when the required number is prepared, the spits are placed over a large tinned plate of copper; melted greese, with finely chopped herbs, is poured over the cake, and the minature mutton chops, or *kebaubs*, are scraped off upon the copper; over the whole is poured a quantity of sour milk; and the dish is then prepared for eating. It was placed upon a small stool, about six inches high, before us; and as knives or forks were, of course, out of the question, we ate with our fingers, after the fashion of the ancient Romans. We found the kebaub to be a most savory dish; and, notwithstanding the absence of forks, we contrived to make a hearty meal. Water was afterwards presented, with towels and soap, to wash our hands and beards; and a large goblet of clear iced water concluded the repast.

HONESTY OF THE TURKS.

Returning home this evening at a late hour, I observed many persons asleep on mats, in the open air, before their respective shops, which were lit up, and apparently ready to receive customers. This affords a pleasing evidence of the good faith and honesty of the people. I have noticed a similar circumstance in the bazaars and shops of the metropolis. In these places during the day, if the shopman wishes to step out, or to indulge in a nap, he ties a string across the door, or throws a cloth over a few articles near the street, and this signifies that the shop is shut, a hint which is universally understood and respected. If you purchase an article, the seller of course endeavors to obtain the highest price; but the Turkish dealer shows much more conscience than his Jewish or Christian neighbors. When a piece of money is put into his hands to change, he returns the whole amount, and leaves it to the purchaser to deduct the price of the article. When it is recollected that the money of this empire is counterfeited to a great extent, the honesty of this procedure is apparent; he not only confides in your good faith, but exhibits his own in no small degree.

THE SULTAN.

During the warm months he resides at different times in the various palaces which are situated on the Bosphorus, and frequently spends his evenings in aquatic excursions like the one we have just noticed. His habits are described as of the simplest kind, and his amusements consist chiefly in riding, fishing, and exercising with the bow. He is said to be the most graceful and fearless rider in his dominions—an accomplishment which may fairly be weighed against those of some of his brother potentates, who are at the head of all the civilization of Europe; one of whom has been known to kill a wild boar, when securely tied up, at the distance of twenty paces,—and the chief merit of another, as awarded to him by his subjects, consisted in making the most perfectly graceful bow of any man in his kingdom.

Like all his subjects, the sultan is extremely temperate in eating, and his establishment is far from being on that expensive and magnificent scale which we are accustomed to attribute to oriental courts. I have been assured by an officer of his household, that the expenses of his table rarely exceed ten piastres, or about fifty cents, a day: and from various anecdotes which I have elsewhere heard, I should not be disposed to believe that his annual expenses exceed those of the President of the United States.

TOMBSTONES.

There is one little circumstance connected with these tombstones which displays an amiable trait of character. On the upper corner of each stone are two small cavities, which are usually filled with water. The intention of this is to supply a drink to the thirsty birds, and indeed to invite them to take up their residence in the neighbourhood, and by their song to give additional cheerfulness to the spot. It is not, however, exclusively an Armenian practice, for the Turks and other orientals have the same custom.

TURKISH BUILDINGS.

We now entered upon what will long be recollected as the great conflagration of Pera. Houses were running up in all directions, the ashes and embers were shovelled away from the streets, the sound of the hammer and saw was continually heard, droves of asses laden with tiles were lumbering the streets, and horses were trading along a stick of timber on each side, so admirably arranged as to trip up or fracture the legs of the unwary traveller. Hundreds of Turkish and Armenian blacksmiths might be seen among the heaps of ruins, seated on the ground with an extempore anvil before them, and straightening the old nails and other iron fastenings for the new buildings. As fast as the carpenter completed his work, the painter followed him up with a brush, and in this way houses were completed with a celerity which would have outrivalled even that of a New-York job-builder.—We should consider, however, what a Turkish house really is, before we give way to astonishment at the quickness with which they are constructed. In the first place, they are entirely of wood, and have no fireplaces or chimneys. The frame is of the smallest possible size; the clapboards are of such thin stuff that they are fastened with tenpenny nails, and the floors of rough broad planks, laid down without the least attention being paid to their joining together. These seams are frequently so wide that an acquaintance informed me that he once dropped his walking-cane or umbrella through one of them, while on a visit to a Periot nobleman; and as he could not request the floor to be taken up for such a trifle, he was obliged to put up with its loss. Of course, the numerous stories related of children being lost through these crevices are to be treated as pleasant exaggerations; for whenever they become wide enough to allow of such an accident, small slips of wood are introduced to fill up the seams.

THE PLAGUE.

To-day, however, we have undoubted evidence of the existence of the plague. A house next to us is shut up, and the Franks who are obliged to pass it cross over cautiously to the other side of the street. Two persons have already died, and three others are said to be at the point of death. An Armenian physician, who is known here under the name of the plague doctor, and is in the service of government, has made an official visit, and his declaration that it is plague in its worst form, leaves no room for scepticism. From my window, this day, I noticed a man in the street struggling between two others who were endeavoring to drag him along. In this they were assisted by a Turkish officer of police, who quickened his pace by the occasional application of a horsewhip over his head and shoulders. It was one of the persons who had been employed in burying the plague corpses; and in consequence of his services on that occasion, they were thus unceremoniously thrusting him out of the village. This reminds me of a similar circumstance which occurred at Kadikeui, when the plague broke out there a few weeks ago. The persons attacked were forcibly removed out of the village into the adjoining fields, the house was carefully fumigated and drenched with water, and all the contagious or infectible articles of furniture or dress were destroyed by fire. When this operation had been performed, the persons employed in it were driven pell-mell into the sea, and there compelled to remain until it was supposed that they were sufficiently purified.

A DERVISE.

Before parting, let me attempt to convey an idea of their appearance, in order that the reader may, in reading the Arabian Nights, figure to himself that delightful grotesque animal an Eastern dervise. Imagine, then, a stout-looking heathen, without a vestige of linen about him, a coarse woollen robe envelopes his whole body, his feet and legs bare, his face almost concealed by a filthy, matted beard, and a high conical cap without a brim, completes the picture of the external man. To this must be added the most brutal ignorance, the grossest superstition, and a life often stained with the foulest vices.

This is only the description of a single species, but it may serve to indentify the whole family. If you meet a maniacal vagabond wrapped up in a leopard's skin, swinging a box suspended before him by chains, another with a large club thickly studded with spikes, another with a box of vipers, or a fourth screaming aloud to the detriment of his own throat and of all the ears in his neighborhood, you may safely set them down as dervises. They are in fact all jugglers of different degrees, some dealing in tricks of legerdemain, while others impose upon the ignorant by sanctimonious grimaces and loudly-repeated prayers in the streets and market-places. The well educated Turks consider and treat them as regular rogues; but their influence among the poorer classes is considerable, although it has diminished greatly of late years. They formerly possessed great power, and rendered themselves formidable even to the throne. The present sultan has taken them in hand, and by dint of strangling some scores and exiling a few hundreds, the remainder, bating their idleness and roguery, are as submissive and orderly as any class of subjects in his dominions. There was formerly a sect called the howling dervises, whose peculiar worship consisted in yelling and screaming like so many incarnate devils. They are usually visited by strangers, and most books of travels in these countries are embellished with an account of their odd practices. I inquired after them from our worthy friends of the Giant's grave, but the only answer was an expressive shrug. They might, as we afterward learned, have been permitted to howl to the present day, had they not undertaken to meddle with the acts of the government.

DEATH OF KEAN.

Kean is dead! that great master of the passions is gone forever; nor do we know of any one on whom his mantle can justly descend. His talents as an actor were unapproached,—his genius stood alone. With more good acts to be recorded of him than would have canonized a prudent man, his heedlessness of the world's opinion, gave to the envious a power over his name, too agreeable to their malignant natures not to be made the most of.

And this truly great Actor—once courted by the proudest in his country,—and who never had any appeal made to him in vain,—was left to die with none around him of his "many friends," but his surgeon and his secretary. It would be trite and tedious to speak of the neglect of Genius in decay, but where was his son?—acting a play! The chamber of his dying parent would have been more befitting his character of son, and as there was nothing sudden in his death, he cannot be excused on the score of surprise. Poor Kean! the latter half of his life was a blaze of popularity and excitement too potent for his nature, and he sunk beneat it. "We could have better spared a better man."

LONDON, May 16.—Mr. Kean, the celebrated tragedian, expired yesterday morning, at 20 minutes past 9 o'clock, at his house in Richmond. He was attended by Mr. Douchez, his surgeon, and Mr. Lee his Secretary. The admirers of histrionic talent will recognize in this event, the loss of one of its brighest ornaments. His powerful energy, his deep pathos, will not be easily forgotten, by the generation that witnessed their display. The throbbing of the public heart has borne testimony upon many occasions to his command over the passions, which perhaps no man ever possessed in a more conspicuous degree than the great actor who is now no more. Poor Kean had his weaknesses and his errors, but a generous and kind nature formed the basis of his character, and palliated, if it did not compensate, for imperfections which he shared with less estimable men.

Interment of Mr. Kean.—The following members of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund—viz., Messrs. Harley (Master.) Hughes (Secretary,) Bedford, O. Smith, Honnor, Younge, Thompson, S. Panley, Cooper, T. Cooke, James Vining, Fitzwilliam, Howell, and Webster, assembled on Tuesday at Drury-lane Theatre, for the purpose of receiving, through the medium of the master, the report of the committee and notice relative to the arrangements made for the funeral of Mr. Kean, which is appointed to take place on Saturday at Richmond: the procession to start at 3 o'clock.—The pall will be borne by Mr. Macready, Mr Harley, Mr. Farren, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and probably Mr. Charles Young. The mourners, who immediately follow the body wil consist of the medical gentlemen who attended Mr. Kean, and a few personal friends. The inhabitants of Richmond have come forward in bodies for the purpose of testifying their respect to the deceased, by entering into a subscription to raise a monument to his memory, and making every possible preparation calculated to give effect and solemnity to the scene on Saturday. The coffin containing the body of Mr. Kean, is made of old English oak, polished, with brass plate and handles, presenting a neat and substantial appearance. On the plate is engraved the following brief but modest inscription:—"Edmund Kean, died the 15th of May, 1833, aged 45."—*Morning Chronicle.*

For the Traveller and Times.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is my chin on a cold day like a lady's tippet?

Because it's a *chin-chilly*.

Why is the sight like a motion carried in the affirmative?

Because the *eyes* have it.

When is a running horse not a horse?

When he's *a-head*.

What is the difference between mustard and a popular actor?

One brings *tears* into the *eyes*, and the other *eyes* into the *tears*.

Why should a man never buy a shilling's worth of perfume at a time?

Because its giving a shilling for *ascent*.

What is the difference between a new idea and an old friend?

The one's a met-*a*-phor,—the other met-*be*-for e

CLEARING IT.

A fat gentleman, relating in company an accident he had met with through the carlessness of his servant in driving, said that the chaise was upset, and he was thrown into a ditch—"ah hah," said one of the company, "I knew you would clear it"—"Clear it! the d—l I did: I say I was flung into it"—"To be sure you were; and when you was flung *into* it, every thing else flew *out* of it."

CROSS READINGS.

WEDDING EXTRAORDINARY.

Married at Cherry Grove, N. J. on Tuesday last, Robt. H Bell to an extremely beautiful young tigress just received from Bengal—It is thought the poor young gentleman's head and shoulders will soon follow his heart—as the change of climate has greatly improved the young lady's appetite.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Just published by B. Murray the history of all the most distinguished—pickled herring that have been cured in Scotland these 20 years.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.

The post office, city hall, and other public buildings—were lately sold at the Hammer for two shillings a piece—The city will be much improved by the removal of such useless rubbish.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

Last night the mate of the Rolla fell from a yard-arm into—a bottle of spruce beer that was standing on the table—In spite of all our efforts, the poor fellow was burn to ashes.

CURIOUS EXHIBITION.

The Kings of England, France, Holland, and Belgium—besides other wonderful productions of art and nature—are now exhibiting at the menagerie in Chatham street, admittance 12 cents.

COOKING BY STEAM.

The weather was so oppressively warm on yesterday, that—a gentleman who was standing by himself on the Exchange steps—was roasted through and through in 5 minutes, and served up for supper.

HEALTHY FOOD.

We then sat down to dine on a superb dish of fried—reaping hooks, they were highly recommended for home consumption—as being very efficacious in cutting the phleghm, and assisting the digestion.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.

We are sorry to hear that the celebrated statue of Jupiter Ammon—was lately taken with a very violent pain in the stomach—His shrieks, at the time were sufficient to pierce through a heart of stone.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK ARMOUR.

AN HEROIC POEM.

A christian knight,
Rode forth to the fight,
The Saracen foe to *force* back:
And he looked as his bright
Armour glanced in the light,
Like a sunbeam riding on horseback.

His steed white as foam
So his armour and plume,
For all were milk white together;
But he wasn't milk-hearted,
Altho' he still sported
And showed to the foe—a *white feather*.

"A good soldier," he said,
"Should join the crus-ade,
"For the *crews aid* the soldiers in *sea* fights;
"And this holy land war
"Much needs a good tar,
"To *pitch* all the tents of us *he* knights.

"I'll soon join those brave boys,
"Who will fight when they rise,
"Up in arms, aye and legs, to their middles;
"In their war shouting din,
"See how I'll fiddle in,
"And tune up these cured In-*fid*-els.

"If I meet the Saracen chief in strife
"I'll cut up a mighty shine:
"I'd *dine* on *sallad*, all my life,
"To fight with Sala-dine!"

A stranger knight new t'wards him stalked
In armour black as a coal,
And vowed as a pilgrim thus he walked
On foot, for the *ease* of his *soul*.

"And where art thou going Sir sable knight?"
"To the holy land!" said he:
"Against the Saracen dogs to fight,
"For the holy sepul-*chre*!"

Then the black knight layed him down to snore
And pass away the night;
And the white knight thought he no'er before,
Beheld so black a wight.

Then the white knight tried,
To rest on his side,
He was too brave to turn his back:
But the sable knight, vowed,
Groaned, and snored so loud
That the white knight began to look black.

But he calmly laid
Him down in the shade,
To slumber until it was light;
But when he awoke
The day light had broke,
But, gad-zooks! he'd lost the dark knight.

He marvel'd to mark
He'd gone off in the dark:
Then in quest of his steed he *strode* on;
Strange, it met not his sight
For the much stranger knight,
Had *walked off* the horse he rode on.

"And art thou gone, my milk white steed,
"And art thou gone?" said he,
"Oh! woe, I cry, on him indeed,
"That won't cry—*neah!*—to thee!"

"That black knight had a blacker heart
"Than those sa-bles he wore:
"And I might guess *more harm* would start,
"From 'neath his black ar-mour!

"But we may meet,—and then—odd-sluts!—
"I'll change hard words to blows!
"And if he badly knows his cuts
"I surely cuts his nose."

"Ah lack-a-day! but yesterday,
"Across my steed I strode:
"And rode along this walk, but now,
"Must walk along this road!"

Then quick he tried the black to meet;
And use what he had got:
Like Generals when they retreat,
To save both horse and foot!"

For the Traveller and Times.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A good deal of uneasiness was created throughout the city on Monday, by the report that Mr. Washington Irving had met with a serious accident, of which the American gave the following account: In driving a one horse wagon down a steep and rocky hill in West Chester, the horse became alarmed, ran away, and overturning the waggon, threw Mr. Irving, and a nephew who was with him, among the rocks. They were both stunned, so as to lie for some time unconscious. The nephew recovered first, and found his uncle lying beside him senseless. After some time, he succeeded in arousing Mr. I. who was then, with the assistance of a chance passer by, conveyed to a neighboring house and bled; and thence to his nephew's house in Tarrytown, we are happy to state that Mr Irving has nearly recovered from the effects of this unpleasant casualty.

PHILADELPHIA vs. NEW-YORK.

The Pennsylvanian of Tuesday has a long and lively article upon the comparative merits of the two cities; we expected something of the kind, for we encountered the editor two or three times last week, peeping about, and refreshing his soul with a look at our gallant old city, and we know by experience how a few days in Wall-street brighten him up. He says they can compare notes with us any day in the week; that they are increasing as rapidly—living as comfortably, and to crown all, that it is not near so difficult to save one's soul there as here—all that may be, and we are glad of it; but there's a black drop in their cup—the poor fellows can't raise a respectable oyster "*no how*" without sending to us for it!

AN EXCUSE.

The master of a West Indiaman was in the habit of taking out small 'ventures' for his good neighbors and making returns in coffee. The coffee happened, one time, to fall short, when some explanation was requested. 'Why, to tell you the truth,' said the captain, 'they weigh coffee out there with a negro, reckoning him at so many pounds weight. But he, poor fellow, the last time I was there, had pined all away, and I thought [illegible] no your coffee would hold out.'

THE DAVID BROWN.

We observed in the Commercial of the 29th ult, a pretty poetical notice of the Charleston Packet the David Brown. Want of space prevents us from inserting the article referred to, but we can bear testimony that it is well deserved. The "David Brown" is now enjoying a very flattering share of public patronage, and is still progressing in favor: not more on account of her own superior merits as a steamboat, which are fully established, than for the courteous and gentlemanly conduct of her commander Capt. Pennoyer.

RIDE AND TIE.

A Jack-tar having hired a nag rather groggy in her fore-legs, was much annoyed to find himself thrown over her head every now and then. At last he resolved upon putting her into better sailing trim, and dismounting, filled his handkerchief with stones which he tied to the mare's tail, observing to a farmer who stood by, wondering what he was about, "She wont pitch *ahead* so much now, with all that are ballast *astern*."

TRUTH—EVERY WORD TRUTH.

A recent traveller in Egypt says that he frequently saw alligators swimming in the Nile, with watercresses growing on their backs! This beats the Sea Serpent.

TALK ABOUT TOWN

AND OTHER MATTERS OF CONSEQUENCE.

PROSPECTUS OF A WEDDING.

A marriage was talked of between Black Hawks' son, and a dashing young widow up town. We understand however that the match is likely to be broken off in consequence of the lady in question, having accidentally heard, that her dark eyed young warrior was occasionally in the habit of *eating his squaws*.

THE SEA SARPINT.

It is reported that a "down east" fisherman is preparing to catch the long talked of sea serpent at last. The length, and circumference of the line and rod, have not as yet reached us; but we understand the hook is to be baited with a full grown elephant.

LATER REPORTS.

Since writing the above, we learn that the fisherman had succeeded in his speculation, but the monster raised such a whirlwind with the slapping of his tail on the occasion, that he was forced to let him go again.

By the same packet we are informed, that he had the good fortune to secure a part of one of the animal's fore-teeth, weighing eighteen hundred, which is shortly to be exhibited in one of the museums of our own goodly city.

MYSTERIOUS.

Black Hawk, and his dark warriors, have been much afflicted with *sore lips*, since they left our metropolis. We would not for the world, mention what this is owing to, but the illustrious chief, himself, has stated in a letter to his favorite wife, that the ladies (squaws he impudently called them) of New York, are the *very devils for kissing*.

A PRODUCTIVE SPECULATION

Four thousand weddings have been celebrated in an incredibly brief space in New York. We will not pretend to say to what results these may lead, but at the same time we might make a very shrewd guess "of our own" from the fact that a certain silversmith in Broadway has lately made his fortune by a speculation in *corals and bells*.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

The members of a Temperance club in the south have come to a conclusion to read all men out of their society who are in the habit of getting *drunk* on any thing *stronger than wine*.

A CONVENIENT LOCATION.

The government have again changed their mind touching the location of the new custom house. The "Hook," as we before hinted, was considered a dangerous vicinity—the "Five Points, ditto, ditto. Brooklyn, *too near* the bustle of the city: and so, as we are given to understand, they have at length made arrangements with Mr. Holt for the upper story of his marble pyramid. Houses of refreshment are to be established at regulated intervals on the stairs, for the convenience of travellers; and further, in order to accommodate all such people as are unfortunately, troubled with corns or the gout, a steam balloon, by Durant, on the latest improved principle, will leave the corner of Pearl street at 9, 11 and 1 every day, taking passengers at two shillings a head, and dropping them in at the dormant window.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. MUDD TO MISS ——.

Lots' wife, we read in days of old,
For one rebellious hult,
Was changed as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of salt.
The same propensity for change
Still runs in female blood;
For here we find a case as strange—
A maiden turned to Mudd.

A SERENADE.

The greatest annoyance to be met with in the city at present, is from a set of the most unmusical scoundrels in the world, who are constantly prouling about, vexing the dull ear of night with some of the most discordant sounds imaginable. A pair of these Apollos were eternally infesting Pine street, between Nassau and Broadway—the one a thin, long, ugly, hanging-bone looking fellow, shaped like the ghost of a grenadier, or a pair of compasses, with this exception, that instead of coming down to a point, his marrow bones, (it would be a libel on legs to call them such) terminated in the very *middle* of a pair of the most ungainly flounder-fashioned feet in the world. His Tenor, (the long one sang bass, *basely*,) was a short, thick, brandy-faced, comfortable looking fellow, with light curly hair, which gave him when his hat was off, no very distant resemblance to a little red nosed round about Toby Philpot jug, smiling under the weight of a foaming pot of porter. He, of the compass legs, grunted most woefully to a cracked guitar—The effigy of the pot of porter, squealed charmingly out of tune, to some newly invented *harmonica* about a thousand degrees more hideous than the hurdy-gurdy of an Italian mendicant. This fact we were an eye witness to on a moonlight night, some three weeks ago, for previously, we had always put them down as a brace of Calathumpian boys, waking strains that might touch the heart of a very paving stone from a couple of superannuated tin kettles. It was about midnight on the night in question, when up rose the hullabeloo, and out popt our head from the dormant, to know what the deuce it was all about; and there to be sure we discovered the pair of *nondescripts* as above described, belaboring at the instruments, ditto ditto. And to mend the matter, they were at the time assisted in their efforts by the company of some half score out-lawed town dogs, who, no doubt, proud of any opportunity of disturbing the public peace, had thronged around and were lustily engaged in chuning in with the chorus. At first we thought they were endeavoring to accomplish "Moll in the Wad!" but by the words that followed, after a very *brilliant* symphony, we discovered they were trying at nothing less than "The Dark-eyed One!" on an F sharp. For her they had not long to "languish," as the song says, for while they were shaking a note in the second verse, an opposite window was gently raised, not only by the dark-eyed one, but by the dark faced one here elf, in propria persona, and the next moment—was it the sweep of a mountain cataract! No! but something equally appalling, rushed headlong through the night air—a stifled gush of the most lamentable sounds, comming'led with the expiring sobs of the astonished instruments, rose upon the returning breeze, and then all was silent: Yes the "Musicianers" had vanished! but how! aye there's the mystery! Some say that they made the best use of their heels—others that they were carried away in the flood—and more again are of opinion that one of the gods, taking pity on their forlorn situation, dissolved them into the "spirits of some lovely echo," and enshrined them in a mountain. As for ourselves, not being very conversant in these matters, we will not pretend to decide which of the reports is true, but it is with much heart-felt satisfaction we assure our friends and the public, that the whole fraternity of the sons of song, have made themselves wonderfully scarce in Pine street ever since the night of the shower bath.

We recommend similar means in cases of a like emergency.

STITCHES.

A Boston paper winds up a violent puff upon somebody's stocks (not bank stocks, but stocks in the neck) by saying that there are in each of them 10,890 stitches—wonder who counted them!

MR. COOPER.

There seems to be some fatality in the name of Cooper; it cannot be kept out of the newspapers. First we had Dr. Cooper of South Carolina, and Nullification, and he made noise enough for a dozen while he lasted. Then the dramatic veteran was taken up—not gentle reader by the constable, but by the editors, and we are happy to say, to good purpose; his benefit, or rather the performances for the benefit of his children produced a respectable sum, which we should be glad to see doubled by the proceeds of another night here. Mr James Fennimore Cooper followed next, and a precious tempest in a tea pot has been kicked up about him. We have as yet taken no part in the controversy, but we have read most of the articles elicited on the occasion, and among others, Mr. Cooper's own letter from Paris, and really it does seem that there has been a vast deal of "slang whanging" about nothing. The upshot of the battle appears to be this: Mr. Cooper when he commenced his career of authorship, wrote three magnificent novels; The Spy, The Pilot, and The Pioneers; success made him indolent and careless, and then he wrote three indifferent novels; Lionel Lincoln, The Red Rover, and The Water Witch, in each of which there were it is true brilliant passages, worthy of his talents and fame, but which on the whole did not give satisfaction; then Mr. Cooper, thinking himself the first novelist in the world, betook himself to the manufacture of romances, turning them out we should suppose at the rate of about fifty pages per day; easy writing but particularly difficult reading—and so the world thought, and quietly suffered the Bravo and the Heidenmauer to sink into merited oblivion. In the mean time, some of those meddlesome rascals, the critics, ventured to take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Cooper that his latest works were not exactly what they should be, and that he must write with more care if he wished to maintain his reputation. Hereupon Mr. Cooper flies into a passion; swears that all Europe has entered into a league against him, and that the Holy Alliance and Louis Phillippe are conspiring with John Bull to crush him and his writings in one common ruin. One would really imagine that all the monarchs, prime ministers, counsellors of state and government agents on the continent, from Metternich downwards, had nothing better to do than hatch plots against the fame, happiness and even existence of James Fennimore Cooper, Esquire. Somebody wrote and published in the New York American a review of the Bravo; certainly not a favorable review, but we must confess that we cannot find in it any thing so dreadfully savage as to justify all the pudder that has been made about it. Now what does Mr. Cooper! Why, talk of the review and write about the review to every creature that comes within reach of him; magnifies this newspaper article into an affair of state; tells all the world that it was written in Paris, for the express purpose of injuring him in his native country; insinuates that the government is at the bottom of this nefarious transaction: and in short bounces and worries, and kicks up as monstrous a dust as though they were cutting his head off—and for what does Mr. Cooper suppose all this fuss made about him! Why because he wrote the Bravo! a dull novel that nobody can read twice, nor once either if it were not for the hope of finding something good in it—something worthy of Mr. Cooper—before reaching the last page! This is the thorn in the side of legitimates; more terrible to Louis Phillippe than all the plots of the Carlists; more appalling to Nicholas than a dozen insurrections in Poland!!

It is not by such absurdities that reputation is to be sustained; if the review of the American was unjust, it will fall to the ground of itself, without all this outcry; if it was fair and impartial, (and we have not seen or heard a single word to the contrary,) Mr. Cooper would do better to improve by the suggestions of his critic, and write with more care, than seek to browbeat or intimidate honest censors by branding them with the opprobrious names of hirelings, aristocrats and calumniators. We admire Mr. Cooper's talents as much as any man; we rejoice in his prosperity, and are proud of his fame; but our admiration cannot blind us to his faults, or reconcile us to his absurdities. His earliest novels we consider among the very first of American productions; the Bravo and the Heidenmauer we rank with the very last; and we sincerely hope that he will hereafter employ himself more wisely and profitably than in writing bad books and then raising heaven and earth because people will not bestow upon them the same high praise that was justly awarded to his first and successful efforts.

Offended Dignity.—Can any one inform us the modern title of a Waiter! Can any one help us to a high-sounding, propitiatory word, that will soothe, not irritate the profession, and procure attendance in a Tavern, without offending its offical Dignitaries! A few evenings since in a Tavern in the Bowery, two uninatiated strangers who knew not that it is sometimes an insult "

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE DRAMA.

The Dramatic Season has now drawn to its close.—benefits have trod nightly on the heels of each other, each Bill more stuffed and distended than its predecessor,—so that the hour of finishing has been nightly protracted, till the last very appropriately finished at, and with "one o'clock,"—or the Wood Demon!

It was an old adage in the theatrical world that an actor was allowed to make a fool of himself once in a season,—for his own benefit:—but in modern days, he is not satisfied with wearing the Cap and Bells himself, but insists on each of his friends bearing one of the tassels; for the real or imagined necessity for such a variety of performances, causes every actor to moult his feathers so frequently, that character is altogether lost sight of in the labor of dressing, and Othello and Iago become undistinguishable by any other attribute than complexion. The Tragedian of former days generally kept to his sock in the Play, and contented himself, and his friends, with wearing the buskin in a Farce,—but now with very few exceptions, five acts of as many and as varied Drama's are selected in preference to the same number of a well digested play, and before either the actor or the auditor can fully understand a soliloquy of Hamlet the one converts the sables of the Dane into the gray of "old Shylock" and the other listlessly enquiries of his neighbor, "what is the meaning of all this?" It is charged upon the public that they will not attend a single, well acted play, but require a certain number of big lettered lines to draw them to the Theatre.—We hope and believe this opinion is erroneous,—at least we are sure, that few opportunities are afforded of testing it.

The Kembles made a bold and successful effort to reform this vitiated taste, and played to overflowing houses. the best and most entire plays in the language, without "stooping to the uses of the grades below them." Yet the Bills of the following night announced the first act of Cinderella,—the second of the White Lady, and the third of Masaniello! together with a Dance,—a Jim Crow,—and a Concert by way of linking together these incongruous anomalies. The very germs of dramatic taste are by this means rooted up, and though it may fill the present Garners, it totally destroys the hope of future harvests.

If this bad taste is really chargeable on the public we hope in the spirit of the Day, it will soon be reformed,—and that it does not attach to those who cater for the public, it is reasonable to suppose since it is manifestly more to their advantage to produce with effect one entire play, than thus to deform and incapacitate five. Augustus Schlegel, a german writer on Dramatic Literature in speaking of the Italians and their stage, says,—"From being accustomed to Operas and ballets, (their favorite dramatic amusements,) in which nothing more is attempted than a beautiful air, or an elegant movement, it would seem that the public have altogether lost all sense of dramatic connexion:—they are perfectly well satified with two acts from different Operas in the same evening, or with seeing the representation of the last act of an opera before the first. We do not therefore believe that we are saying too much when we affirm that both dramatic poetry and the histrionic art are in the most woful decline in Italy,—that the first foundation of a national Theatre has not been laid, and that there is no prospect of their ever having one, till the prevailing idle is undergo a total change."

The fourth of July being now over, the dramatic world, like the fashionable, and other worlds, is all on the move. The Kembles like country merchants are attending the *Springs* and *Falls* in their way to Canada,—Horn and Miss Hughes are returning from them. Mr. Arthur Keene the Vocalist has returned to this city after a long absence in the West Indies. Mr. Sinclair is about to take a singing our, and give *Concerts in concert* with Signor Ciotti and his Trombone,—keeping Mr. Kyle to his flute, retaining Mynheer Herwig and his Clarionet, and placing his *Trust* on the Harp, we have little doubt they will soon acquire the fame of the "Wandering Pipers." Mr. Richings is going to England, Mr. Barry to Boston, and Mr. Jones into private life most sincerely to our regret. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes are gone to Newport and have opened the Theatre there, with a well selected company,—and all seem as much in a moving mood as though it were a theatrical first of May.

At the Bowery the Benefits have been going on much after the fashion of their neighbors. Mr. G. Jones gave a grand display of feats of arms. He is a very good fencer, and had a great muster of friends to his Benefit, who called upon him after the performances for a display of his oratory in returning them his thanks which he did, neatly and appropriately.

The Warden of Galway has been acted two or three times:—it has undergone considerable revision by Mr. Phillips, the author of some successful pieces, and the catastrophe, though differing from the legend, is made effective and interesting by his new arrangement.

Signor Ciotfis Concert. This gentleman we learn has a concert at Niblo's Garden on Monday Evening The Signor is certainly the very first *artiste* on his instrument that has been, or is likely to be heard,—and with the powerful assistance which he has procured from some of the best instrumental performers in the city, we have no doubt he will command a full attendence.

FRYING EGGS.

Schaffer, the dancing master, is now dead; but the memory of his waggery has survived him. He was once a boarder at the Lamb tavern, Boston, when that house was the resort of sundry gentlemen of the legislature. A party of the last had returned, one evening from one of Potter's exhibitions; and while talking over what they had seen, in presence of Schaffer, confessed that nothing puzzled them so much as frying eggs in a hat. The *modus operandi* of Potter's tricks, they thought they had detected; but this particular feat quite exceeded their apprehension. They couldn't for the life of them see through it. "Why, gentlemen," said Schaffer, joining in the conversation, "I can't agree with you. It really strikes me that his trick of Potter's can be imitated with all the ease imaginable. If any gentleman here will accommodate me with the loan of his hat, I will do it in a moment,—and if I do not succeed, I will forfeit a bottle." All were eager to see the performance, and every hat was held out. Schaffer took the hat of one of the most strenuous doubters, and deliberately broke into it a dozen of eggs. He then muttered over the usual incantation—"presto vedo, change," &c., at the same time whirling the hat pretty vigorously, in order to give its contents a good stirring up.—He then looked into the hat with a face full of confidence, which was instantaneously changed into a blank, stupid stare, on its being ascertained that the contents of the eggs remained without change; the hat, meanwhile, being pretty thoroughly soaked under the operation. Having gazed for some moments at the rueful plight of the chapeau, Schaffer, recovering from his apparent astonishment, at length exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say I have lost the bet But I declare, I thought I could do it."—*Newburyport Herald.*

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Amid the whizzing, phizzing, shooting, popping and all the other paraphernalia, attendant on the Fourth of July, we managed by hard straining to squeeze, thump, push and jostle our way as far as the Park, in order to identify ourselves with the general exultation, and to pick up a few items for the information of our dearly beloved friends "over the hills and far away." It was truly a beautiful day, —a few soft silver clouds hung loosely around the; magnificent sky, haply to give one or two sly little seraphs, an opportunity of seeing what we were all about here, without the risk of being caught peeping in at the *key hole*; while the broad, red, jolly-looking sun, seemed for all the world as if he had taken upon himself to preside as master of the ceremonies. But a truce with all poetry; we came out to make an authentic sketch of things as they are, and not to bewilder people by a long string of absurdities and metaphors.

* * * * * * *

Mercy on us what a multitude!—all the world in Broadway, and as *many more* in the Park!

Where in the name of mystery did all the girls spring from! A novice might suppose they had just pop't out from so many milliners hand boxes, by their interminable overlays of frills, flounces, tuckers, and furbelows. How proud their old Grand mammy, Eve, would be, if she lived till this time a day, to see herself so nobly represented by such a brilliant galaxy of her loveliest daughters; and yet, no doubt the poor old lady would feel a little mortified, and jealous too, at finding that the most simple among them would be able to give her some useful lessons in trimming a cap.

Digressing again—beg pardon—but these ladies, rot them, have been known on occasions, to lead wiser men than even us or you from the right road. However, we now mean to be as graphic as possible, and present you with a complete looking-glass of the city of New York on the Fourth of July.

* * Alas it won't do! here we have been rubbing at our temples this half hour for a new idea—but (and alack that we should say it,) *all is empty.* We are completely unequal to the performance of the task, for our description to the thing described, after every effort, would only stand in about the same proportion as a basin of salt water to the wide Atlantic. This simile, you may rely upon it, is not an iota too far fetched, and so sir, to get out of the scrape as well as we can, we will make bold to trust a little to your own creative imagination; which, for the glory of our noble city, we hope is formed on the model of a Herschel Telescope.

Suppose then, every man, woman, and child, pig, dog, horse, and donkey of New York, with whatever else your fancy can lay hold of at the moment, collected into one vast reservoir, and all in, or almost in, a state of *combustion*. This done, you will have embodied a tolerably good notion of what our city looked like on the present occasion; for there we were, packed together as thick as sacks in a mill, and each, apparently waiting the signal to take fire and blow up like a sky rocket.

Such a round of hooting, and shooting, running, and gunning, brigading, and cannonading, singing, and ringing, &c. &c. was never before heard, seen, or dreamt of. Turn where you would, you saw crackers flying, children crying, boys a larking, dogs a barking, helmets gleaming, colors streaming, bells a jangling, beldames wrangling, pigs a squealing, topers reeling, fidlers playing, asses braying, dancers jigging, thieves a prigging, and ten thousand other, interesting little items, each pleasant enough individually, but taken as a collective mass, they formed an assemblage, and a discord that was sufficient to deafen and dazzle the very——mum.

* * * * * * * *

Borne away amid this whirl of tumult, it may be presumed, we had very little opportunity to particularize the events of the day; but now, and then, as the smoke, and dust, and dirt, and fifty other things would clear away for a moment or two, a number of singular little circumstances, came within the horizon of our observation, and thinking that they might be interesting to our readers, we select from our memories a few of the most interesting; staking our editorial honors for the truth of every one of them.

A very fascinating young lady had just stept up to the door of a tent, and called for, so we thought, an ice cream. though an impudent scoundrel at our elbow would have us believe, it was a brandy sling, when, most horrible to relate, a bottle of ginger beer from an opposite table exploded, and blew her head off!—Such at least was our first impression, but all good angels be thanked it was only her bonnet, which was instantly carried up in the eye of the wind, and borne at the rate of ten miles an hour in the direction of Sandy Hook. Several other accidents occurred, terminating in the same way, with the exception of one; when the head dress of an old lady coming in contact with a fire ball in the mid way heaven, went off with the report of a nine pounder. We were all wonder-struck at this extraordinary phenomenon, but our astonishment gradually evaporated, as it began to be rumored about, that the aforesaid old lady was occasionally in the habit of carrying a flask of "Hollands," in the crown of her bonnet.

In another direction of the field we observed a very sentimental looking fashionable young gentleman, *almost* enveloped in a huge pair of bushy black whiskers, who was endeavoring by every means in his power, to save his most exquisite exterior from the contaminating influence of the fire and brimstone mobility. While thus engaged, a little black urchin approached him from behind and levelling a huge paper petararo at his right ear, applied the match. For a moment we saw no more as the unfortunate gentleman was immediately wrapped in a wreath of smoke; but when it had evaporated—there we beheld him, stark and stiff as the handle of a sweeping brush—and his right cheek as bare and as polished as the back of a scalded pig (perhaps hair-dressers may take a hint from this fact, and improve on their present tedious method of shaving.)

Since writing the above, we learn that the unfortunate gentleman shortly after recovered from the shock; not however without undergoing a fresh mortification (which upholds the truth of the old adage that trouble seldom comes singly,) for the first sigh that hailed his return from the *land of Nod*, was so violent, that it absolutely *burst his corset.*

Fearing that alike attempt might be made on ourselves, we now prepared to return, but on crossing Barclay street, a host of mischevous little imps caught our attention as they were busily engaged spreading a train on the pavement. Bye and bye a jovial old woman came up, and took her station on the fatal spot. We rushed forward to snatch her from destruction—but alas! it was too late—the signal was given—the train was fired—and away went the old woman, at least we plainly saw the skirt of her petticoat, flying over the house tops, and it is stated on the most responsible authority in one of the morning papers, that the unfortunate lady has never been heard from since.

After this appalling spectacle we were determined to see no more, and so with the assistance of good animal courage, and hard heads we contrived to but our way home, half dead with the thumps and bruises we had received in honor of the day, but truly exulting in the cause of them

☞ The *Gentleman* who took an umbrella from the office on Wednesday is requested to return the same immediately, otherwise his name will be made public. C. C. C.

CHILDREN OF THE AGED.

The following extraordinary collection of children born of aged Parents appeared in some late Law-proceedings in England.

The Vice Chancellor has been occupied for several days in hearing the arguments in the case of Andrews and wife *ex.* Lord Beauchamp. Sir E. Sugden said the suit was instituted by Mr Andrews and his wife against Lord Beauchamp and the representatives of the late Lady Andover, to establish their claim to a third share of the sum of £750,000, as the personal representative of a gentleman named Humphrey Jennings, who died in 1690, at a very advanced age. Mr. Humphrey Jennings was a great iron-master residing at Birmingham, and is supposed to have established the iron-trade in that town. All his real property was disposed of by his own will, but with respect to personal property he died intestate. The question in the case was whether Mr. Jennings had eleven children, or ten only. The plaintiff's object was to demonstrate that Mr. H. Jennings had a daughter named Elizabeth.—In the register of baptism the names of all the ten children were to be found, and the additional entry of a child named Elizabeth, after an interval of three years. The evidence showed that Elizabeth eloped from her father's house at the age of 18 with a Mr Reeves, with whom she lived for 30 years at Grove Park, Worchester. She afterwards returned to Birmingham and married one Jeremiah Smith, and at the age of 52 years became the mother of a daughter Mr. Smith's daughter, who was named Mary, presented her husband with two children, one when she had reached the age of 49 and the other at 51. One child, named Phœbe, died without issue, the other, Susannah, was the person from whom the plaintiffs were lineally descended. If the Court should pronounce a decree in favor of the plaintiff's, then the result would be that the property which had several years since been divided between the families of Lady Andover and Lord Beauchamp must be subject to the present claim, and they would be made liable to refund one third of the residue, inasmuch as the claim, if admitted, would entitle the claimants to the same share of the fund, as they stood in an equal degree with these noble persons.

Mr. D. Wakefield, on the same side, quoted precedents in the persons of the Scipios and Old Parr, who he said, had a child born to him at the age of 105, as well as cases from Pliny down to Dr. Paris, to prove that many instances of pregnancy had occurred after the age of fifty years. The Attorney General, on the other side, informed the Court that another claim was manufacturing. The present had been dormant for thirty years. He was persuaded that Mr. H. Jennings never had a daughter named Elizabeth. That an Elizabeth Jennings, who afterwards married Jeremiah Smith, had existed, he did not doubt, but from the evidence of one Mr. Walker, it was proved, that if she had been fifty-two years old when she gave birth to her first child, she must have borne three afterwards, and been sixty-four years of age when she produced the last. It also appeared that the said Elizabeth could not write, and it was not probable that if she had been the daughter of Mr. H. Jennings, so necessary a part of her education would have been committed. He had a fine residence in Grosvenor square, and all the ten children wrote the Italian hands. The Vice Chancellor said he should take time to consider his judgment.

Catching a Flat.—Mr. Frederick Ashwin (brother to Mr Wm. Ashwin, of Sedeborough, the celebrated sporting character) sent his groom, Wm. Candle, last week, to the Fair at Evesham, to sell a hackney mare. Two respectable looking gemmen, as William said, coined up to him and axed him the price on her, and in a short time one became a purchaser. On the money being paid, William deposited it in his fob, and off he started. When at a short distance from the inn, where he had received it, the companion of the purchaser called William back, and the following dialogue took place:—"My good man, is not your name William Candle?" "Ees, Zir." "Do you not live in Sedeborough?" "Ees, Zir." "Do you know a Mrs. Stokes, of that town?" "Oh, ees; her lives just by our master's." "Perhaps you will accept of a glass of gin and water, and take the trouble to call on Mrs. Stokes, on your return, and pay her 18s. for me!" The fact is, my servant brought some cattle from Cheltenham, and they were last night put in at Mrs. Stokes's at tack, and he started so early this morning that he had no opportunity of settling with the good lady. She will, I fear, suspect me of a desire to cheat her."—"Oh, noa, Zir no fear of that; howsomever, I'll be sure to take the money safe to her." Then be so good as to give me two shillings and take this sovereign." "Thank you." "Well, but William, you surely won't carry that sovereign loose in your pocket, so wrap it together with what you have in your fob; here, give it me; that's the way; now clap your watch upon it; now it may be safe." "Thank ye, Zir." "Oh, you are quite welcome And, William, take my advice; go straight home, as there are some suspicious looking fellows about to-day, and you may get your pocket picked." "I will, Zir; but I dont fear that. Your servant, Zir, and thank ye kindly." It is needless to say, that William, on his arrival at home, found, instead of his money, a bit of tobacco, wrapt up in a bit of dirty paper!

A Quaint Sermon.—Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with "Your servant, sir!" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them there, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side) from the word M. A. L. T. He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is Malt. I cannot divide it into sentences there being none; nor into words, their being but one. I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M. A. L. T.

M—is Moral.
A—is Allegorical.
L—is Literal.
T—is Theological.

"The Moral, is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore M—my Masters, A—all of you, L—leave off, T—Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant The thing spoken of is Malt. The thing meant is the spirit of Malt, which you rustics make, M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works—in some, M—Murder—in others, A—Adultery—in all, L—Looseness of Life, and in many, T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of Exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—To my Text. Second by way of Caution M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Look for T—the truth. Third, by way of communicating the Truth which is this:—A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"

"Russian Navy.—One day, when I was on board the *Azoff*, a man fell from the main yard into the sea, narrowly missing the admiral's barge, which was alongside. On rising to the surface, the admiral applied his cane pretty smartly to the man's shoulders; and on my expressing some commiseration for the poor fellow's misfortune, the admiral exclaimed, "Ah, the d—d rascal! he was near breaking my barge to atoms."—*MS. Journal of an officer.*

The Craft in Danger.—The editor of the Middlesex Gazette states that his compositors (type setters) are *girls.* We should think they were in a fair way already to wear the unmentionables, for he says, in copying an article to which he had affixed the proper credit, "for some unexplained reason they thought best to omit it." Look out, Mr. Editor, or they will get possession of the whole establishment—editor and all.—*Conn. Herald*

METAPHOR

A Waterford paper lately announced to the bacon merchants of that city, that "Dead pigs were looking up!"

EXTRACT

From "The District school as it was," a recent New England publication.

Under the chapter, "How they used to spell," is a curious notice of a boy, Memorus Wordwell, "the most extraordinary spelling, and indeed reading machine in our school," and we must give "one little anecdote about Memorus Wordwell before we let him go."

It happened one day that the 'cut and split' for the fire fell short, and Jonas Patch was out, wielding the axe in school time. He had been at work about a half an hour, when Memorus, who was perceived to have less to do than the rest, was sent out to take his place. He was about ten years old, and four years younger than Jonas. 'Memorus, you may go out and spell Jonas.' Our hero did not think of the Yankee sense in which the master used the word spell; indeed he had never attached but one meaning to it whenever it was used with reference to him self. He supposed the master was granting him a ride extraordinary on his favorite nobby. So he put his spelling book under his arm and was out at the wood pile with the speed of a boy rushing to play.

'Ye got yer spellin lesson, Jonas?' was his first salutation. 'Haven't looked at yet,' was the reply. 'I mean to cut up this plaguy great log, spellin or no spellin, before I go in. I had as lieve keep warm here choppin wood, as freeze up there in that tarnal cold back seat.' 'Well, the master sent me out to hear you spell.' 'Did he' well, put out the words and I'll spell.' Memorus being so distinguished a speller, Jonas did not doubt but that he was really sent out on this errand. So our deputy spelling master mounted the top of the wood-pile, just in front of Jonas, to put out words to his temporary pupil who still kept on putting out chips.

'Do you know were the lesson begins, Jonas?' 'No, I don't, but I spose I shall find out now.'—'Well, here 'tis.' (They both belonged to the same class.) 'Spell A-boan-i-na-tion.' Jonas spells.—A-b-o-m boan a-boan (in the mean time up goes the axe high in air, (a-boan) (down it goes again chuck into the wood) n-a a-boan-i-na (up it goes again) ti-o-n tion, a-boan-i-na-tion, chuck the axe goes again, and at the same time out flies a furious chip and hits Memorus on the nose. At this moment the master appeared just at the corner of the school house, with one foot still on the threshold. 'Jonas, why don't you come in? didn't I send Memorus out to spell you?"

Yes, sir, and he has been spelling me, how could I come in if he spelt me here! At this the master's eye caught Memorus perched upon the top stick, with his book open upon his lap, rubbing his nose, and just in the act of putting out the next word of the column. Ac-com-mo-da-tion, pronounced Memorus in a broken but louder voice than before, for he caught a glimpse of the master, and he wished to let him know that he was doing his duty. This was too much for the master's gravity. He perceived the mistake, and without saying more, wheeled back into the shool-room almost bursting with the most tumultuous laugh he ever tried to suppress.—The scholars wondered at his looks, and grinned in sympathy But in a few minutes Jonas came in, followed by Memorus with his spelling book, who exclaimed, 'I have heard him spell clean through whole lesson, and he did'nt spell hardly one of 'em right." The master could hold in no longer, and the scholars perceived the blunder, and there was one simultaneous roar from pedagogue and pupils; the scholars laughing twice as loud and uproariously in consequence of being permitted to laugh in schooltime, and to do it with the accompaniment of the master.

From the London Times.

STEALING ONE'S OWN PROPERTY.

At the Manchester Quarter Sessions, on Saturday, a man named Richard Harris, of respectable appearance, who had formerly kept a public house in Manchester, was indicted for having stolen at Manchester, on the 24th of December last, one box, the property of Messrs Pickford, the carriers. The case excited considerable interest, as it involved a rather singular and novel question—viz. whether the prisoner had or had not been guilty of stealing his own property! According to the evidence adduced, it appeared that on the above named day, the prisoner called at the warehouse of Messrs. Pickford & Co. the well-known carriers, and asked if they had a box for him, which he expected would be sent, addressed to him from Birmingham, by their conveyance! The porter of Messrs. Pickford, whom he questioned, told him that it had arrived, and was in the warehouse; but that he had better go into the clerk's office, and pay the carriage before the box was given to him. He accordingly went into the office and asked one of the clerks what was the charge for carriage! The clerk told him, and he went away without paying any thing; but he said that he would call again about it. In two or three days afterwards he again called at the office, and asked for the box, saying he had brought the money to pay for the carriage.—On searching for the box in the warehouse it was not to be found, and the prisoner appeared to be exceedingly enraged, declaring that he would bring an action at law against Messrs. Pickford for the value of the box and its contents. The clerks and warehousemen had a conversation on the subject, and after considering the circumstances of the prisoner's previous visit to the warehouse, together with the fact of the box not having been seen since that visit, they began to suspect that the prisoner himself must have taken it away. Messrs. Pickford in consequence, applied to the Magistrates, and obtained a warrant to search the prisoner's premises, which they did, and there found the identical box, emptied of its contents. Evidence to the above effect having been adduced, the Jury stopped the Chairman as he was about to sum up, observing that they were quite satisfied with the fact of the case, but they wished to know from him whether it was a *felony for a man to steal his own goods!*

J. H. Norris, Esq. the Chairman, said that, under the circumstances, there could be no doubt that, if the prisoner was guilty, it would amount to a felony.

The Jury immediately retnrned a verdict of *guilty.*

The Chairman, in passing sentence, said that the prisoner was a man of very considerable and astute intellect, and had managed his robbery with a deal of tact. He was liable to be transported for life, but the Court would not go that length. Still, however, considering the address he had displayed, they could not do less than transport him for 14 years.

The prisoner, on hearing his sentence, burst into tears, and was taken down crying bitterly.

From the Manual Gazette.

We have already alluded to the severe thunder storm, which occurred here in the afternoon of the 15th: a late *Minerve* has furnished the particulars of the lightning striking the house of one Francois Gauthier, at the *Cote St. Paul*, in this parish, which had nearly resulted in the loss of human life. This individual was standing near the door, which was then open, and was holding a young child in his arms. In an instant he was thrown on the ground, as was also a young lad, one of his nephews, who was near him, and who was thrown back under a table, at least twelve feet from his former position. The electric fluid, after striking these two individuals, struck a dog then on the hearth, and eventually made a passage about six feet from the earth, through the chimney, a large stone of which was carried to a distance of forty feet; the room was so filled with soot and mortar, that it became difficult to see even with two candles, and a sulphurous smell was strongly indicated. In the midst of this confusion, and in the obscurity, the wife of Gauthier, desirous of raising her child, made a mistake and put her hand in the dog's mouth, who bit it violently, and expired instantly. The child was not at all injured. Gauthier says, that he felt himself struck in the left foot, and then in the right; the sole of his right shoe was torn in pieces. His feet and legs were benumbed for two hours, as were those of the young man, though to a less degree. The latter says, that when he was struck, the sensation he felt was as if his heels were torn from his body.

WARRANTED.—Happening to think of the variety of combinations which may be made of a few letters or figures, we took the word which stands at the head of this article, and for our amusement, endeavored to ascertain the number of words which may be elicited from it, and found the list as follows. Art, ant, and, ate, are, Ada, Andre, awe, arrant, Andrew, at, an, Dan, Dane, Dana, dare, darer, dared, drew, draw, drawed, drawn, dent, dented, darn, darned, darner, dart, dean, dear, drear, dew, dead, date, dater, eat, ear, earn errand, err, era, new, nard, Ned, net, Nat, neat, nea, rare, rarer, ran, rant, ranted, ranter, rade Rand, rat, rare, rated, rater, red, read, rear, renard, tan, tar, tare, tarn, Tara, trade, trader, ten, tend, tea, tear, treat, tread, war, warrant warranted, Warren, wren, wad, wade, wean, wet, warred, wader, we, were, wart, ward, warn, wend, want, wanted, wan, wane, waned, wand, wander, wear, wed, water, warner—106; besides many in other languages.

COURTING BELOW.

A kitchen scene.—Sally, the house maid, paring apples in the corner.

Enter Obadiah, who seats himself in the corner opposite to Sally, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally, scratching his head, breaks silence with—

There's considerable imperceptible alterin of the weather since last week.

Sally—Taint so injudicious and so indubitable cold as 'twas; the thermometer has fowred up to four hundred degree higher than zenith.

Obadiah—I think's likely, for birds of that specie fly a great quantity higher in warmer days than in cold ones.

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look, and a long parise ensues. Finally Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch and again breaks silence.

Well, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a sleigh ride, it's such immeal good sleddin to-morrow.

Sally—You are! Our folks are suspectin company all day to-morrow.

Obadiah—I spose the'll have insatiate times on't. I should be undefinitely happy if you would disgrace me with your company; I should take it as a deropitary honor; besides, we're calculating to treat the gels copious well with *raisins* and blackstrap.

Sally—I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company; I can't go.

Obadiah sits scratching his head a while, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

Wal, now I know what I'll do; I'll go home and thrash them are beens what have been lyin there in the barn a darned while. (Exit Obadiah.)

NOT PARTICULAR.—An aged 'spinster' growing weary, amongst the other "ills that flesh is heir to," of a life of "single blessedness," betook herself to the silent recess of the grave, and there prayed most fervently that Providence would provide for her what forty years of smiling, simpering and roguering had failed to entrap, viz: A HUSBAND! She had no sooner got through with her devotions than an Owl (of the larger species, says our informant,) hooted, from the top of a tree over the head of the "hapless maiden." "Who—ho—who!" To which she replied, with eyes fervently fixed on the earth, and supposing that He whom she implored had come "to the rescue," "ANY BODY GOOD LORD!"

Absence of Mind.—A well known gentleman of Magela College, Cambridge, had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend entered the room, found him absorbed in so abstruse calculation, with the egg in his hand, upon which he was intently looking, and the watch supplying its place in a saucepan of boiling water.

SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE—July 5.

175 shares U. S. Bank		108 1-2
200	do (30 days 6 per cent.)	108 1-4
300	do (60 days 6 per cent)	108
3 do	Bank of New York	125 3-4 126
50 do	Delaware & Hudson Canal,	122
200 do	New Orleans Canal Bank	118
25 do	New-Orleans City Bank	1-2 1-2
85 do	Guardian Ins. Company,	102 1-2 102 1-4
65 do	Mohawk Rail Road Co.	133
170 do	Boston & Prov. R Road,	110 111
70 do	N. Y. Prov. & Boston R. R.	103

Married,

On Monday evening last, Col. Aaron Burr, to Mrs. Eliza Jumel.

On the 27th June by the Rev. David Smith, D. D. Mr. Simon P. Smith, of the firm of Miller & Smith, to Miss Hetty H. daughter of Mr. Walter D. Smith, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, Jonathan Odell, to Mary F. adopted daughter of the late George Mandt, all of this city.

On the evening of the 28th ult. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Dr. Lyell, Mr. Henry W. Clapp, of the firm of Palmer & Clapp, to Miss Anna C., daughter of the late Capt. Robert B. Billiard.

On Thursday last, in St. Thomas' Church, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mr. Wm. Peters to Miss Christina A. Jackson.

On Thursday morning last, by the Rev. William Parkinson, George G. Ryerson, of New Jersey, to Anna Maria, daughter of Roswell Graves, M. D. of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. J. Middleton, Mr. Augustus Fowler to Mrs. Maria Baily, all of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. J. Middleton, Mr. John Kart to Mrs. Cecelia Hyatt.

At Jamaica, L. I. on Tuesday evening the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. James Myers, of this city, to Miss Mary S. Wright, of the former place.

Died,

On Sunday afternoon, after a lingering illness, John Taylor, Esq. of the firm of John Taylor & Sons, in his 51st year, an old and respectable merchant of this city.

At two o'clock on Friday morning, in the 80th year, his age, Mr. John Ruthven.

On Friday morning, Sarah Henrietta Coit, aged 28 years.

On Thursday evening, in the 67th year of his age, Gerardus A. Kuypers, D. D. the Senior Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of New York.

At Baton Rouge, on the 6th of June, of cholera, in less than six hours after being attacked by it, Robert Kane Morris, son of Thomas Morris, and grand son of Robert Morris, Financier of the United States during the revolutionary war, and one of the signers of the declaration of American independence.

On Thursday last, Mr. George Young, aged 41 years, a native of Scotland.

At Rankin, Mississippi, on the 2d ultimo, on a tour of travel through the United States, Washington Romaine, Esq. attorney at law, of this city, aged 33 years and 6 months, son of Benjamin Romaine, Esq. of this city.

At New Orleans, on the 12th inst. Mr. Hazard, of the firm of Hazard & Blair.

In New Orleans, Madame widow Vion, sister of J. C. de St. Romes, Editor of the Louisiana Courier. Madame widow Faurie. Edward Bajolerre, aged 3. Miss Mary Pendergrast. Mrs. Bethiah Fellows, a native of Boston. Jos. McKeown, President of the Mechanics' Society. Mr. Andrew Foude, and Sarah his wife, both old and respectable inhabitants of this city.

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & CO., School Book publishers, Boston, have in press and will soon publish the following works by Francis J. Grund, author of the Elements of Natural Philosophy.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, with Practical Exercises for the use of Schools, on the same plan as the Elements of Natural Philosophy, and designed to be a companion to it.

POPULAR LESSONS IN ASTRONOMY, in which the leading principles of this science are taught by comparisons, without the aid of numeral arithmetic, for the use of primary schools.

EXERCISES IN ALGEBRA FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, accompanied by a key for the teacher, to be used with any Algebra now in use.

EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, accompanied by a key for the teacher, to be used with any Arithmetic now in use in common schools. june 29

THE MORAL CLASS BOOK.—New edition.—CARTER, HENDEE & Co. have this day published the school edition of the Moral Class Book, or the Law of Morals, derived from the Created Universe and from Revealed Religion. Intended for schools as well as private reading. By William Sullivan, LL. D.

Publishers' Advertisement.

The favorable reception of the first edition of this work, the whole being exhausted in the short period of six months, has led the author carefully to revise and improve the copy for a new edition. Some errors, inseparable from the first edition of all original works, have been corrected; and several entire new chapters have been added, embracing the nature of evidence, civil society, the moral duties of citizens, &c.

In proof of the value of this work, and its adaptation to the purposes of general instruction, the Edinburgh Journal has commenced the republication of it complete, in a series of articles under the title of Popular Morals. "We have found this small volume," says the editor on perusal, "to contain a far more lucid, and impressive view of the moral duties of man, than any that exists in this country; and we therefore feel that, in transferring it entire to our pages, we are doing a service to our native literature."

june 28 2.a

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & CO. School Book publishers, Boston, have just published

GRUND'S PHILOSOPHY.—Elements of Natural Philosophy, Experimental Exercises for the use of schools. By Francis J. Grund.

Extract from the Preface.

The general want of a suitable text-book on Natural Philosophy, adapted to young pupils, and at the same time, to the progress of instruction in this country, has for a long time past, been the subject of complaint with many of the most experienced teachers. In the following treatise, the author has endeavored not only to preserve his work from some of the gross errors, with which it is common to find elementary treatises on this science charged, but has enlarged it also with the most recent discoveries in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. As regards the general plan and arrangement of the work, it will suffice to say, that the INDUCTIVE METHOD has been pursued as far as it was practicable in a treatise of this nature.

Having thus brought this treatise on Natural Philosophy to its proper limits, the author intends to have it followed by an elementary treatise on Chemistry, which will be executed on the same plan, and form a necessary sequel to this work. june 29

GENERAL HOUSE—Late Patriot House—by WELDEN & WEBB, 136 Chatham street, up stairs. june 29

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately invented in this city, and sold at No 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a mere inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and accommodating itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied. Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j22

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and Annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1823—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of note as in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum to advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention. Office No. 9 Mercer street j22 tf

CASTLE GARDEN.—H. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most enviable places of the kind in this world; and he pledges himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and justly celebrated Band of Martial Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos Dilks, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

Fire Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

Admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. j22

VAUXHALL GARDEN is open for the season.—This delightful place, truly the only legitimate Garden in the city, is now ready to receive company. The proprietor has considerably added to the beauty and embellishments; the shades of the foliage is not equalled in the Union; a military band performs every evening; and on Sunday evenings will be performed, under the direction of Mr. PEARSON, selections of Music, from the works of Handel, Hayden, Mozart, &c.

Season Tickets may be had at the Garden. Single tickets, for a Gentleman 2 dollars—for a Gentleman and four Ladies, or Children with their parents or servant, 5 dollars. m25

HAIR CUT.—"A LA DOUCO."

JOSEPH BARDOTTE most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of New York for the flattering encouragements he has received since his arrival from Europe.

Ever anxious to introduce improvements which have been adopted in his profession, he takes this method to announce one, the most recently received from London.

The "Marquis Douro" (son of

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS'

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. al2 1y

A HANDSOME SUITE of unfurnished Apartments to let in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. m25 1m

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Tubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame maker and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELL'S, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. B. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way dec8-

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Waterproof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A MERRELL.

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RAYNOR,
j8 tf 76 Bowery.

BOOKS & STATIONARY.—A general assortment of School Books, in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English Also, Blank Books and Stationary, Juvenile and Toy Books, with the miscellaneous publications of the day, as they issue from the press, constantly for sale by.
j8 tf R. BARTLETT & RAYNOR, 76 Bowery.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dealers in gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SCHUART.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks The Boots it gives is very superior, and entirely superior the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much obliged to explain more particularly to any gentleman will do him the favor to call and try the qualities of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobaccos, &c. &c always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz —strictures, gleets, gonorrhæ, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of those diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his practice those numerous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhœa, etc.
Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education and confines his practice to the treatment of the diseases.
His office is open to 2 Ann street, near Broadway, second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 9 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.
☞ Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.
N. B Persons at a distance describing their case and enclosing a fee will have every remedy suited to their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be post paid. m29

OBLIQUE PENS.—A fresh supply, just received for sale by
j8 3t BUSSING & CO, 79 William st. N. York

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. June 28

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

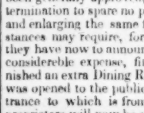
NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN FINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Hassall of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

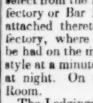
THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street, where the proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.



THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the city, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,



HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends* N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany.

South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.

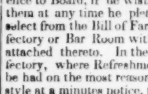
LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK
Daily Line of Stages, leave Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY
Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leave Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscribers Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

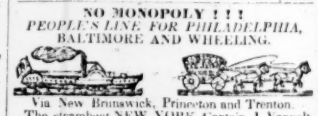


The splendid sea boat Benjamin Franklin, Capt. E. B. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES—To teach children to think and read about common things, and to illustrate for parents and teachers, methods of instructing and interesting children; with a copious introduction explaining fully the method of using the book. By Jacob Abbot, Principal of Mount Vernon School.
This day published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. Boston. j1

Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WHEELING.

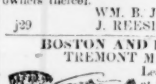


Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reside's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE REDUCED TO $2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick, 12 1-2
" " Princeton, 1 00
" " Trenton 1 50
Breakfast on board 37 1-2

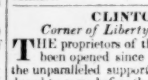
The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.
Passengers by this line will find superior accommodations, the bar and table being equal to the best hotels.
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
j29 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.

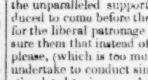


Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

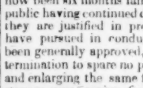


The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.



Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of having will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

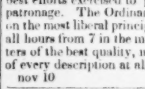


THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph L. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morristown, Succasunny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Anacoste*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose, to Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca to Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. Also, a Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY.
SEARL & HORTON.
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets now deemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expence greater than the understanding under any circumstances would warrant.
New York January 26, 1833. Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES



FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chickopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 80 clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March 2 *N. B. WORSLEY Agent*

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilde's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PLOVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days —
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday "	7	Saturday "	9
Tuesday "	12	Thursday "	14
Saturday "	16	Tuesday "	19
Thursday "	21	Saturda "	23
Tuesday "	26	Thursday "	28
Saturday "	30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

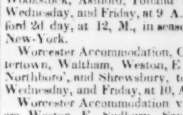
FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday "	14	Tuesday "	12
Tuesday "	19	Saturday "	16
Saturday "	23	Thursday "	21
Thursday "	28	Tuesday "	26
		Saturday "	30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

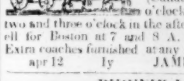
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woolestock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Milbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extr Cacohes furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



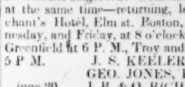
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

PHOENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcster and Providence Stages.



LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leave Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 10 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

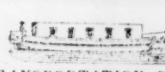
LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.

COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for New Hampshire Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Couch.—Winter Arrangement.

THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Battle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Manch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street. New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Counties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamst, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gorzaus & Co. Cincinnati; O. Nowberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, south'n and north'n stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 10 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 29.

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE, wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2, Maiden lane, near Broadway N. York Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemp lines; hickory, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple wrenches and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights, Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. j8

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Sett